



SATURDAY NIGHT

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The Front Page

WHEN the Insurance Commission completes its work some competent person should be detailed to write a fairly brief and readable book showing to what extent various companies have violated the insurance laws and played fast and loose with the principles of common honesty. The insurance investigation is costing the country a pretty penny, and when the work is concluded the results of it should be published in a form suitable to popular convenience, not entombed in an official volume large as a steamer trunk, and so spun out with question and answer that nobody will read it all except the proofreader. The Commissioners should thresh the thing out and produce the wheat, separated from the straw and chaff. Every man in Canada is, or ought to be, interested in insurance, and for the sum invested in this enquiry, they should get a report on insurance as it is and as it ought to be, that would have an educational effect of the utmost value. Not more than one policyholder in a hundred comprehends the principles of sound insurance, or knows when he is getting his due. The average man feels that he should be insured—an agent talks him over, he takes out a policy, pays his premiums, and that is all he knows about it. He would yell fast enough if an attempt were made to increase the premium he agreed to pay, for that is the one part of the deal that he understands; but all kinds of tricks can be played on him in connection with the earnings of his policy, and he will know nothing about it. That is the kind of insurance that modern companies prefer to handle—in that class of business they have room to turn around. It is full of intricate bookkeeping, expert calculations, and actuarial mysteries that daze an outsider, so, although he feels foolish, he tries to look wise, pays his premiums, and is grateful if he gets any profit at all on his investment. If, therefore, the Insurance Commissioners will crown their labors by bringing in a report that will be an exposition of the sound principles of insurance and an exposure of all the devious methods that experts can resort to, they will produce a popular book and do the people a service. The people are in the mood to study and learn.

One thing is pretty clear. Directors do very little directing. In some cases they are merely rag dolls. In other cases they are looking out for themselves, and do not in any real sense regard themselves as trustees for either stockholders or policyholders. Two companies amalgamated, and the directors of one—or both—knew absolutely nothing of the terms of the deal, nor of its effect, either on the shareholders or policyholders. The officers were content to negotiate cash payments for themselves in lieu of the sums they would have earned had they remained in office. Getting what they asked, they dropped out, not knowing that the large sum of \$80,000 was coming from some source to appease the demands of officials who were stepping aside on account of the fusion of the two companies. It is an astonishing thing that solid citizens will figure as directors of a company and utterly fail to recognize any responsibility to the public, who are invited to place confidence in a company because of the solid character of its directorate. The fact is that we have reached a state of business where directors are but figure-heads or a screen of names behind which the manager does whatever he sees fit. It might be wiser to abolish this screen of directors and let shareholders and the public generally look squarely at the real power, the manager. Perhaps if the manager of any kind of company were not hidden from view behind a row of good, honest, rag-doll directors, he would feel constrained to prove his own character and ability in order to deserve popular confidence.

THAT remarkable red man, Dr. Oronhyatekha, has managed, during the first three or four days of his appearance before the Insurance Commission, to turn the entire proceedings into an excellent advertisement for himself, the I.O.F., and the fraternal system of insurance in general. For three days, at a cost to the country of several hundred dollars per day, the doctor has been led along a line of questions enabling him to argue that fraternal insurance is far cheaper and just as safe as straight line insurance. Rumor said that the I.O.F. was nervous about appearing before the Commission and having all its dealings scrutinized. Rumor was away off. At present time of writing, the proceedings have been of such a nice taffy-pull nature between Mr. Shepley and the Doctor that the I.O.F. would no doubt gladly pay the daily papers full advertising rates to get the proceedings reported. Newspaper readers, however, are as familiar with all these arguments as they are with the Doctor's portrait. What they want to see investigated is the investment account of the Foresters. The men who pay money into the Foresters, are, as a rule, not rich men, and not experts in insurance matters. They believe the order to be a sound one; they think the saving effected in operating expenses sufficient to account for the lesser rates charged. But they don't know anything about the way the concern invests surplus moneys, and as a Government Commission is looking into such matters, they want to see the Foresters' investments scrutinized. If the investments are all right, those who carry insurance in the I.O.F. are quite willing to take chances on all the rest of it.

IT appears that the report from Muskoka that sixty steam and gasoline launches had been seized and tied up by a Government inspector, because they were not in charge of licensed captains and engineers, was erroneous. Six, not sixty, of these small vessels were meddled with, and they were not serving their private owners, but were carrying passengers for hire. It would be absurd for the authorities to attempt to compel a cottager in Muskoka to hire an expert to handle the little gasoline boat that he dodges around in. The expense of it would be out of all proportion to the service rendered. But gasoline launches are multiplying on all sides, and the authorities are quite right in taking steps to regulate the passenger traffic done for hire by little vessels. The man who runs his own boat for the pleasure of himself and family, will take precautions. The man who runs a boat for money-making purposes, needs to be looked to. He is out for the stuff, and will take risks. When a man runs a family boat, the State, like his family, may fairly rely on his caution and

good judgment; but when a man runs a boat to make money his interest is in what he makes. With reference to such craft, it is but right that the authorities should insist upon the machinery being of the best, and provision quite as adequate made for life-saving in case of accident where a boat carries twenty passengers as where she carries two hundred. The day of the small launch has arrived, and nobody can doubt that certain regulations are necessary in connection with such of them as go into passenger-carrying as a business, while all without exception should be made to carry lights and obey all those rules of the road that make for the common safety.

A NEW book designed to make a sensation has just been published by the MacMillans, Toronto. It is "The Invasion of 1910, with a full account of the Siege of London," by William Le Queux, the naval chapters by H. W. Wilson, and an introductory letter from Lord Roberts. It is an imaginative story of the sudden invasion of England four years hence by a

its wealth of detail, that it would have more convincing if the British forces had not been crumpled up quite so easily as the invaders pushed toward London, and if the author had not so frequently paused in the middle of a battle story to sermonize on the folly of the people and Government that had ignored warnings and neglected to make ready against the great disaster. By butting in with these scoldings, the author brings the reader back with a jerk and reminds him that the book is all make-believe and written for the purpose of convincing the reader against his will. Not only were the British forces crumpled up as only imaginary forces can be, but the navy, after part of it had been caught at a cunning disadvantage and worsted, keeps out of the book and plays no part in the struggle, for a longer time than would be the case in real war. In the end the navy regains complete control of the sea; the German army in London, finds itself at war with a desperate people in the narrow streets, and the invaders bid fair to be utterly exterminated. But there has been terrible slaughter, vast destruc-

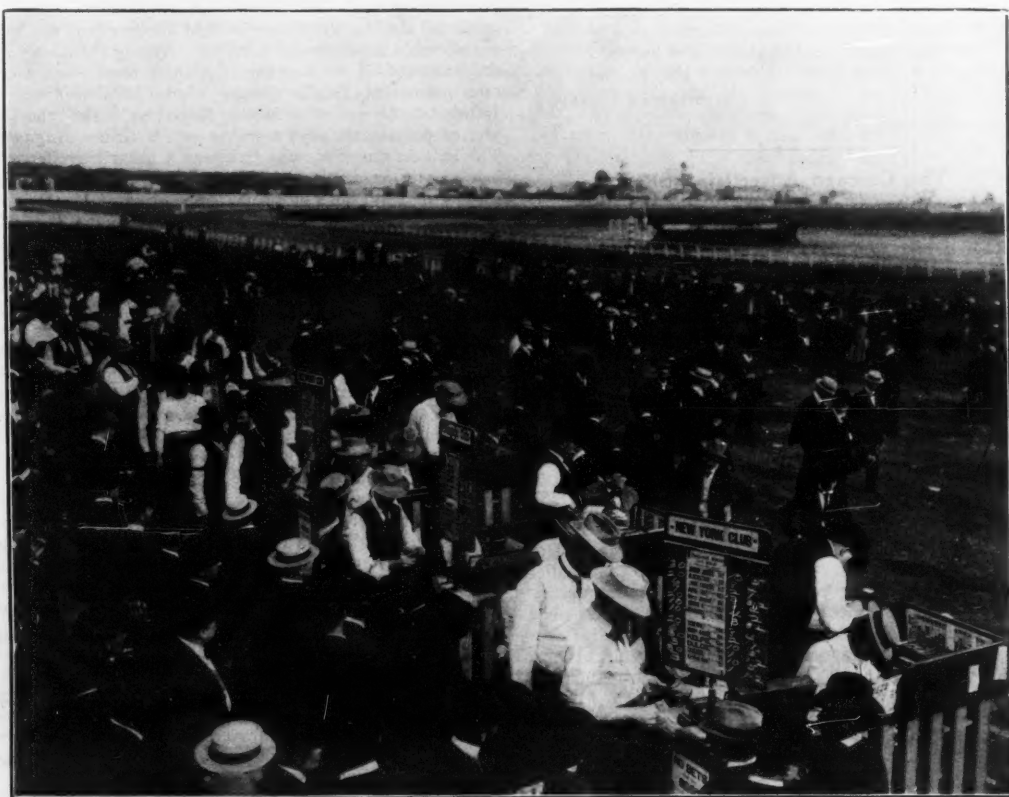
tion of property, the colossal waste and madness of it, impress the British people as they read this book, which was written to send them all a-soldiering? It is possible that this book may set people thinking along lines its author little meant. It may make converts for the "Don't Shoot" party in England.

A FEW days ago a man from the West remarked on the fact that people had much to say about the subsidies given the C.P.R. and the Grand Trunk Pacific, but spoke very little about the assistance in money and land given to the Mackenzie and Mann combination. He told me that people out West were beginning to say that William Mackenzie was getting away with more fat lands with less outcry than any other land-gobbler in the business. In past years the Grits kept a jealous eye on the C.P.R. For political reasons the Tories keep a jealous eye on the Grand Trunk Pacific, but neither political party feels called upon to denounce the quiet little plans of Mackenzie and Mann. They have friends in both parties. Going quietly along, these meek magnates inherit a good deal of the earth out West, and one of these days we shall learn that Mackenzie and Mann own about ten million acres of the choicest farm land in North America, also a pretty extensive railway system. In the art of painlessly extracting subsidies from the nation, Bill and Dan have all other railway promoters hopelessly beaten.

SOMETIMES a man fails to get along in the world merely because he is forever relating his troubles to those whom he meets, until all who know him learn to side-step him, and he misses the chances that otherwise would be placed in his way. The man who wears all his worries on his sleeve is not a cheerful companion, and people learn to shun rather than seek his company. Few successful men are grumblers, and grumbling contributes nothing to anybody's success. Each person has among his acquaintances some who are forever telling their little troubles—sometimes telling them to people who have troubles of their own ten times greater, but of which they say nothing, but go along their way smilingly, playing the game, fighting the fight. Men learn to admire the fellow who never squeals when hurt, and they learn to despise the chap who whimpers every time he stubs his toe, loses a dollar, or misses a chance to make one. The very men who go about carrying gloom with them to shed on their friends, are often quickest to resent any such action on the part of others, and their own observation should teach them that other people have troubles of their own, do not want to listen to tales of woe, and that a wise man, if he have a hundred troubles, will lock them up in his bosom and present a cheerful front to all comers. This is one of the secrets for getting on in the world. The making of oneself agreeable, one's presence welcome, is half the battle. Most of those who are disagreeable persons to meet and deal with are so, because they cannot suffer the pangs of their own indigestion, but seek to pass these pains on to others. They kick, growl, grumble, censure others, and when men avoid them because they are tiresome, they boast that they are too bluntly honest to be popular. Boorish and envy-eaten persons describe their bad manners or the disease that consumes them, as "blunt honesty." It is too good a name for a bad defect.

REFERRING to an article that appeared on this page a couple of weeks ago, the Brockville Times says: "SATURDAY NIGHT, of Toronto, recently started a controversy by criticizing the will of a rich man who provided by his will that his widow should lose the greater part of his fortune should she marry again. The man was quite right. If his widow desired to marry again, the man who weds her should support her. Why should some mercenary fortune-hunter not only marry the rich man's widow, but spend the fortune he had toiled to accumulate? And just transpose the case slightly: suppose a rich young woman marries a poor man, would she not be perfectly justified in setting down in her will that in case of her death her husband should lose her fortune if he married again. We think she would be entirely right in doing so." This is not an accurate statement of the case under discussion. The rich man in question did not provide that his widow "should lose the greater part of his fortune if she married again." She was to forfeit every cent if she remarried. Nor was it his fortune. The man and woman married years ago, neither possessing anything much in the way of money or goods, but they prospered, and in course of years acquired wealth. It was not a case wherein a rich man married a penniless woman, nor can it be compared with the case of a rich woman marrying a penniless man, and conditionally willing her estate to her husband. They grew rich—his business sagacity being aided through many years by her domestic economies. And yet when he died he willed her a roof and an allowance, both of which she would forfeit entirely should she remarry. Yet had she died, he would have been free to remarry without forfeiting anything whatever. The case is by no means an uncommon one. When a man dies intestate his widow can establish her claim to a proportion of his property, or rather a proportion of the property is regarded in law as hers. Yet men make arbitrary and often tyrannical wills, that do not recognize a wife's property rights at all, but bestow on her, as in charity and with humiliating conditions, enough funds to keep her in food and clothes. It is not a square deal.

THE attack made on Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M.P., by Mr. Frank Arnold, K.C., at the banquet to Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., was an ill-considered one, and will have the effect of causing those who sympathize with Mr. Greenwood to give him still further marks of public approval when he returns to the city ere leaving for England. The incident, however, is not without its value, for it reveals the presence here of a partisanship in British politics quite as definite and clear cut as can be found in England itself. The fact is that the political parties in Great Britain have followers here, and warm friends in every colony. It will be impossible to line up the colonies in the wake of one British party—it will be impossible, and if it could be done it would be calamitous, because the political party in England that the colonies helped to crush, would develop an animosity towards us, and instil it into the very heart of the people of Great Britain. In this country we very much resent any interference with our self-government on the part of Downing street. Inter-



THE BOOKMAKERS AT WORK ON TUESDAY AFTERNOON.



LADIES ON THE MEMBERS' LAWN, TALKING OVER A RACE.

WOODBINE FALL RACE MEET

great German army, favored by good generalship, long matured plans, and great good luck. It is a scare book. It is meant to startle the British nation into making greater war expenditures, especially for land defenses, and making every Englishman a drilled volunteer and practiced rifle shot. A friend just returned from England tells me that while the book is exciting considerable interest, it is too early to say what effect, if any, it will have on public opinion. Mr. Le Queux, in his preface, states that he spent four months and travelled over 10,000 miles in a motor-car studying the country over which the supposed battles were to be fought, and he certainly goes into the minutest details, describing the little villages, roads, and lanes that were made use of, the hills that were fortified, and the buildings and bridges that were defended and blown up. The author has shown a prodigious industry, and one can well believe him when he says that he has had the assistance of many military men in working out questions of strategy. The book has been published already in the German, French, Spanish, Danish, Russian, Italian, and Japanese languages. The British Premier protested against its publication on the ground that it "might conceivably alarm the more ignorant public at home." The aim of the work is to boom Lord Roberts' proposal that rifle clubs should be established in every part of the United Kingdom. It seems to me, after reading the work with interest and admiring

tion of property, nearly all at Britain's expense; nor can Britain invade Germany and exact a settlement, for—here again is the refrain—"she has no army," and her people are broken. Germany annexes Denmark and Holland. Russia gets a slice of India. It is a sensational book, and will be boomed by those who favor militarism. But it may have an effect not contemplated by its author. For several generations the British people have been making powder, and shells, all kinds of terrible explosives, fierce monsters of the sea, drilling armies smaller than those of some other nations, but more actively engaged in war than those of any other nation on earth. For generations the British people have been perfecting the terrible enginery of war, but they have seen nothing of what war is. To them war is a question of cost in money and in men. The great guns they make are made solely for the purpose of exploding shells in Cape Colony, Natal, Abyssinia, China, or, possibly, on the continent of Europe. Britain has felt herself to be out of range. Will this book convince Englishmen that they are in danger and must grow more warlike still, defend their coasts, and equip an army for home service? Or will its wealth of circumstantial detail, its pictures of familiar scenes swimming in blood, its description of the British Museum crashing down and taking fire, villages hundreds of years old pulverized in an hour as British guns often pulverize just such villages in other lands—will the revealed brutal-

ference from Canada in the domestic politics of Great Britain would be even more unnatural and ill-advised. It is, for instance, quite natural that there should be in Canada very many strong Chamberlainites, because he has put forward a striking colonial policy. It is also quite natural, that every Canadian who is a conscientious believer in the principles of Free Trade should give all his sympathies to the Liberals in England. It is absurd to say that Canada goes bodily to the side of one British political party. It is equally absurd to suppose that but one political party in England has a concern for Canada and the other colonies. Winston Churchill's letter told us nothing that native common sense had not told us. There is a parallel case in our own experience. The Liberals in Canada had for years fought the protected manufacturers, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the protected manufacturers for years had fought the Liberal party. Yet when the Liberals reached office they did not proceed to smash the manufacturers—instead of that these old enemies worked together remarkably well. So with the British Liberals—in office they will, if they can, win the entire confidence of the colonies and break up the partnership that seemed to exist between their political adversaries and the colonies. A man does not need to be a political strategist to see that this is one of the first things the British Liberals in office will set about doing. Let individuals among us wrangle if they choose. No harm will be done unless Canada ties herself to the tail of a political kite in England. It need surprise nobody that Frank Arnoldi, K.C., speaks evil of Hamar Greenwood, M.P. One is a Tory to the last atom of his body; the other a rampaging Radical. They have nothing in common—never could have anything in common. But we need both kinds of men in Canada to keep things moving.

THE city of San Francisco or the State of California should prepare and send out to the mayors of cities everywhere, a brief and indisputable statement of the obligations that fire insurance companies assumed, and the manner in which they met those obligations after the great disaster. Other cities should know which companies paid claims and which companies welched, because many of the same companies carry business everywhere; which of these companies paid up and assisted San Francisco to get on her feet again, and which of them, after accepting premiums for years, refused to pay claims on the ground that the fire that swept the city had its origin in a visitation of Providence in the form of an earthquake. If a company can, in San Francisco, evade its obligations on the plea that an earthquake started a fire, why may it not in Toronto dodge payment by some other evasion? In some of the magazines most convincing photographic reproductions show whole blocks of buildings quite undamaged by the earthquake, yet these fell victim to flames next day or the day after. But the point that concerns people everywhere is this: Some companies evaded payment of claims in San Francisco, and some met the demands made upon them, some shirking their duty or others generously exceeding theirs. In either case, other cities should be supplied with information as to the course taken by various companies.

Kissing the Book.

"KISSING the Book" in court by witnesses is denounced by the London Times as an unclean and disgusting practice that should be abolished. "It is," says the Times, "a slovenly, perfunctory, and very unedifying way of administering an oath, at its best. At its worst it is simply revolting. The witness takes in his uncovered hand, not necessarily of the cleanest, a dirty little Testament, soiled perhaps on every page by previous use, an official of the court recites or too often mumbles to him a form of words the solemnity of which has long ago been obliterated by frequent and perfunctory repetition, and then the witness, without saying a word, exchanges microbes with the book by touching it with his bare lips. . . . The practice of 'kissing the Book'—apart from merely touching it, which is a much more venerable usage—cannot, it would appear, be traced beyond the Middle Ages, whereas the practice of swearing solemnly with the hand uplifted, as in the Scotch form of administering an oath, is, at least, as old as Abraham. Which is the more impressive method, that in which a witness takes a soiled and tainted book in a possibly dirty hand and kisses it with microbe-infected lips, while some official mumbles a perfunctory form of words, or that in which the witness holds up his right hand uncovered and declares with his own voice, 'I swear by Almighty God, and as I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment, that I will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth'?" There is surely no comparison. The Scottish method is immeasurably superior alike in common sense, in solemnity and solemnity, in its power of impressing the witness and making him responsible before God and man for what he is doing, and even in antiquity of usage. It is true that every witness in an English court is entitled to be sworn in the Scottish fashion, if he chooses to make application in that sense. But use and wont are apparently invincible, and the filthy old practice of "kissing the Book" still prevails almost universally—though we are glad to note, at least as a beginning of better things, that the chief clerk of the Lambeth Police Court has given instructions that all witnesses are for the future to be offered the option of being sworn in the Scotch fashion with uplifted hands. We trust that this laudable example may be very speedily and very generally followed. The thing is to break down a bad old custom—unseemly, uncleanly, and unimpressive, and to substitute for it another, hygienically unimpeachable and withal much more venerable, much more impressive, and much better calculated to impress the solemnity of an oath on witnesses who cannot be trusted to tell the truth without taking an oath."

Presentations to H.M.S. Dominion.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

Reading the account (in your issue of September 8) of the presentation of plate, etc., to H.M.S. Dominion, I am reminded of an article I read in your paper some months ago on the same subject. When the name H.M.S. Dominion first appeared, a proposal was made that a 25-cent subscription should be taken to provide a library for the sailors. For this purpose subscription lists were placed in banks and newspaper offices, and many gave their mite for the library for the boys in blue. After a while we heard of plate for the officers' mess, and your article (to which I referred above) commented on the change, and expressed wonder. I am sure many people would like to know why and how the change was made; for I know many subscribed for the sailors who would not have subscribed for the officers. These gentlemen are quite well able to provide their mess with plate, and themselves with smoking apparatus, and the sailors are not so well provided for. Of course there is more eclat in making presentations to officers than to sailors. Can some explanation be given? Yours truly,

J. E. P. ALDOUS.

142 South James street, Hamilton, Ont.

Another Khayyam-ity

DEDICATED TO THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMMISSION.

MYSELF when young did eagerly frequent Agents and books, and heard great argument, On Tontine and straight life, and yet They did not tell me of the Management.

When I was 45 one told me that I'd draw for sure Two Thousand Dollars Flat. I paid my premium for many years and drew A Trifle less than almost half of that.

A mass of money banked beside the Chair, A crumpled Statute in the basket there, A fling at Sloss, a loss, a fake report, And then the Board to luncheon doth repair.

Some for a speedy motor-car, and some Sigh for the Profits Paradise to come; So take the cash and let the credit read "To travelling expenses"—quite a sum.

And recent, through the Board-room door agape, Came rustling through the room a kind of shape That signalled directors' names upon the book (Who all were hanging o'er the ticker-tape.)

The daily records tell us men there are Who unload bonus stock at almost par On companies they own, then borrow some Reserve or surplus for a private car.

An H.M. table, plus some policies, A charter, stamp, and estimates that please, An actuary, office, and some nerve,— The company will now do business, please.

But, mark, a shadow a passes o'er the scene, A tri-shaped Nemesis of visage keen That one by one the hot-air bubbles bursts, And probes the Augean stables till they're clean!

NORMAN HARRIS.

Toronto, Sept. 17.

The Chicago Advertising Show.

Chicago's Annual Advertising Show, the third event of its kind in the world, following the initial show in Chicago a year ago, and its successor at Madison Square Garden in New York last spring, promises to be the most comprehensive and interesting exhibition of commercial promotion, business publicity, and competitive ingenuity ever given. The show is to be held in the great Coliseum building, October 8-16 inclusive, and each day will have its special programme of displays, addresses by experts from all parts of the world, and other features. The extraordinary demand for space for material, demonstrations and displays of wares, methods, devices, and schemes has compelled the managers, Messrs. Bieder & Parker, 55 Lake street, Chicago, to re-arrange the original plans and provide for a number of exhibits representing entirely new ideas and forms of advertising. Daily newspapers will operate plants, showing complete workings of the modern presses and auxiliaries. Several of the large and smaller novelty manufacturing concerns will have most interesting displays and operating machinery. From abroad come a number of rapid printing presses, and presses for special purposes, and the most original and ingenious experts in the world will show their latest and most startling schemes. The exposition will have an educational value for the general business man as well as for those engaged exclusively in the advertising business, and the approaching event is receiving the closest attention of merchants, manufacturers and buyers, and sellers of all sorts of business promotion.

The Maker of Modern Mexico.

General Porfirio Diaz, who is now serving his seventh term as President of Mexico, is described in a recent book by Mrs. Alec Tweedie, as a very democratic kind of president. "It is this direct contact with the people that keeps Diaz in touch with his country in a personal sense," says a writer in reviewing the book in *Current Literature*, and adds, relative to the ease with which he may be met by his people: "No bureaucrats intervene, no secretaries bar the way. Every man and every woman who wishes to see Diaz can see him, and see him alone." Of his official and home life we are told: From nine to one o'clock every day he transacts business of state. Each member of the Cabinet has two audiences weekly, and some have three. Between the Cabinet audiences Diaz sometimes sees private individuals. At about ten o'clock strawberries or fruit of some kind is brought in, and the President allows himself a few moments' leisure. Otherwise, an unceasing stream of business goes on from nine until one. At that hour, or as soon afterward as he can get away, a little coupe, with a pair of handsome horses, two men in dark green livery with red, white, and green republican cockades, emerge from the inner court, and off home goes the General to his dinner. By that time he has been working for six or seven hours. This midday meal is a very simple affair.



SWIMMING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

"Well, yer see, miss, my swim don't count, 'cos no one see me do it."—Tattler.

for the home life of Diaz is very home-like. More often than not he and his wife dine quite alone, or at most with some members of the Diaz family.

Three days a week the President goes back to the Palace at about half-past three and remains there until seven, at the disposition of anyone and everyone who wishes to see him. There he sits alone. Quite unattended, the President sees his countrymen and personally hears their grievances. A list is submitted to him, generally of sixty or seventy names. Diaz picks from the list the names he prefers to have precedence, and then the millionaire and the Indian native are seen in turn. On his table are lettered stamp pads headed with the names of the respective Departments of State, and while the visitor explains himself Diaz makes notes under the name of the department to which the subject applies. Diaz then promises a reply within a certain time unless an immediate decision is taken, which not infrequently happens.

It is a strange sight, that procession waiting for an audience with Diaz—the frock-coated, silk-hatted, German capitalist, the unconventional American mining engineer, the London company promoter, the boy from the ranch in cowboy clothes and pistol in his belt, or the Indian squaw with her baby tied on her back. Diaz sees them all and decides their petitions very often on the spot. The extraordinary appearance of some of the rough characters who thus gain admittance to the President's audience room prompted Mrs. Alec Tweedie to ask him once if he had a pistol in his pocket.

Diaz laughed. "Pistol!" he said. "No. I have not had such a thing in my hand for years."

A Woman's Advice to W. J. Bryan.

MRS. W. J. BRYAN, who stood for the Presidency of the United States in opposition to the late President McKinley, impressed a good many people on that occasion as a coming man. Though he was badly beaten, not a few predicted that he would live to fight another day, and with considerable assurance of winning. Among the number of the prophets—if we may thus designate them—was a certain prominent Englishwoman whose influence may in future days be quoted as having helped to "make" the subject of our sketch, says a writer in the *Grand Magazine*. The lady in question, who has been a great traveller, and has been in intimate touch with men and movements, was staying in a Western city toward the close of Mr. Bryan's campaign. She heard him speak, saw how he was able to sway large audiences, and was generally deeply impressed by his strong personality. A day or two later she found herself *vis-a-vis* at an hotel *table d'hôte*, and they fell into conversation. "Do you object to an old woman, almost old enough to be your grandmother, saying a frank word or two to you, Mr. Bryan?" she asked with the ease and aplomb of a woman who had seen the world. Mr. Bryan bowed. "I think," she continued, "that you are as strong a man as I have seen in this country, but I also think that it would be a misfortune for you if you won this election, and I hope you won't. Let me tell you why. You are still a young man—about thirty-five, I believe. In ten years' time you will be forty-five, and, if I mistake not, twice the man you are, both in strength and knowledge. Shall I go on?" Mr. Bryan laughed. "By all means." Thereupon, in effect, if not in so many words, his candid critic told him that he struck her as being somewhat provincial in outlook, and that ten years of study, travel, and observation would make another man of him, and so strong that it would be very hard to beat him if he again cared to fight for the Presidency.

Since that meeting Mr. Bryan has followed the advice given to him, and now many who know him and have watched his career closely are ready to lay long odds on his success should he, as is more than likely, be a candidate for the White House.

"It was the habit of the late Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet," says *Leslie's Weekly*, "always to speak well of every one." Occasionally he had to go out of his way very much to find traits of character which he could commend. But he always found them, as in this instance, which *Leslie's Weekly* cites: No matter how bad the character of a person, the good gray poet invariably found some trait to praise. One day, in his office in Park Row, some friend entered and asked him whether he knew so and so, and if so, what was the man's reputation. It happened that the man had a shady reputation, and was well known as a "gold brick" operator. The aged poet lighted his pipe and answered: "Yes, I know him. He is the most energetic, progressive, irrepresible, good-natured, artistic kind of an unmitigated rascal that I ever met."

The rumored abdication of the aged Emperor of Austria calls attention to the peculiar position occupied by the Countess Chotek, wife of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, and heir-presumptive to the Austro-Hungarian throne. The countess is a gentlewoman by birth, but not having a drop of royal blood in her veins, she can never be Empress of Austria. On the other hand, there is nothing to prevent her being Queen of Hungary. Thus, while in Budapest she will occupy the first rank, in Vienna she will be obliged to take her place after all the archduchesses, her sisters-in-law. In these days of democracy such anachronisms make one smile.

There are scores of photographs of King Edward being sold in London to-day for which no photographer ever had a sitting. Such photos are "faked" by ingenious wielders of the camera. A real photograph of the King's head is pasted on to a photograph of a commoner's body of the same stature and proportions as His Majesty. The composite picture is re-photographed, and after a little touching up, all trace of the fraud is lost.

On Continental railways and the Rhine steamers there is no miscellaneous scrambling for meals. Instead a steward goes through the train or boat and lists the people who want to eat. Each gets a number, and this insures a seat without crowding or delay.

GUNS and RIFLES

NEW MODELS OF
SAVAGE---WINCHESTER---MARLIN
SPORTING RIFLES

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Bridal Bouquet, Dinner Decoration, Presentation Basket, Wreath, Funeral Design, and Original and Best Design. Each of these are shown by us at the Exhibition, and in each class we were awarded the first prize, a success never attained by any other exhibitor.

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only, but those living at a distance also, may place themselves in touch with our select stock of high-class Dry Goods through our Mail Order Department.

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Social and Personal

Not the fresh green and springing verdure of May, but the solid, dense tint of September, was on turf and tree as the first comers, the guests at the Directors' luncheon on Opening Day, entered the enclosure sacred to "The Members" and their friends at the Woodbine. The *mise en scene* was perfect as nature could make it, a sapphire sky, a misty distance over the slightly roughened lake, where whitecaps gleamed snowily, craft under sail flitting past, and here and there a pleasure party yachting, all the beauty of outlook which makes the Woodbine an ideal place for meeting, even when the track is empty. The field, which was so brown and barren in spring, has now a seemingly vernal coat of green, the young vegetation coming on finely or promising good things in the way of "carpet" for next year. Spic and span with fresh paint were fence and stand, and the vermilion roofs of the judges' stand and the vivid yellow of the distance posts along the track lent their own touch of brightness. Strangers entering the members' lawn for the first time were loud in their praise of the charming conditions and surroundings. Among those who came out by private car was Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, who looked very handsome in half mourning, a black and white costume, and pretty black chip hat, with black roses, which was extremely becoming. Lady Augusta Fane, and her son, Hon. George Fane, were with Lady Kirkpatrick, and were among the most interested in the races, the English lady succeeding in getting a snap shot of a start, which she was most anxious to add to her collection of pictures taken during her trip. Lady Augusta Fanny Fane is a sister of the Earl of Strathbrooke, and is now spending some time at Lennox, but I am told will return to Toronto later on. In the private car were also General and Mrs. Otter, Colonel and Mrs. Hemming, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Colonel Septimus Denison, Dr. and Mrs. Charlie Murray, the Attorney-General, Mrs. Elliott and her two charming guests, the Misses Dwyer and Hamilton of Alabama; the Speaker and Mrs. St. John, Mr. Nicol Kingsmill and Miss Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Alexander and Miss Dora Rowand, Mr. Torrance, Mrs. Tallmadge of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Dymont of Barrie, who were all welcomed by the President, Mr. Seagram, who had a charmingly pretty family group at his right hand. When the Government House carriage drove up with His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Miss Clark and Major Macdonald, Mrs. Fraser, wife of the Secretary of the O.J.C., was with the group, welcoming the party from Government House, and presented Mrs. Mortimer Clark with a lovely bouquet of roses, Mrs. Leonard MacMurray, daughter of the chairman of the Executive Committee, presenting Miss Clark with a nosegay of pink carnations. None of the other officers had any ladies fair with them at the opening. The ladies from Llawhaden are still abroad and will not be home until the tenth of October. Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh is in grief over the death of her fine little grandson, child of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Bowen, which occurred last week. The Hamilton contingent, needless to say, were not here, and many were the regrets at their absence; in fact, there were many blanks which even the fine attendance on Saturday failed to make up for. When the gay company had seen the bouquets presented and Mr. Seagram had offered his arm to Mrs. Mortimer Clark, the party sought the lunch-room, which was prettily panelled with bunting and the tables decorated with gladioli, sun-flowers, and other striking blooms. The luncheon was very nicely served; and at its close Mr. Seagram proposed the King's health, and the Speaker bravely started the National Anthem, in a key which unlocked much vocalism, and earned him the thanks of loyal souls, who attend with some tremors the altitude they are sometimes asked to scale by impromptu preceptors. The lunchers then streamed out to the lawn, which was filling with smart frocks, pretty women, and men by the score. The summer *laissez aller* seemed to have influenced many of the latter, who can be hugely smart if they take the trouble, to wear engagingly simple business suits which were amusingly out of tune with the lovely frocks of many of the fair dames. The Saturday gowns were reminiscent of summer or anticipatory of autumn, as the wearer's taste or the elusive dressmaker decided. It was a fresh day, and thin frocks were not quite comfortable, but looked very pretty in the bright sunshine. Lady Augusta Fane has worn a dapper white cloth costume, which is cosy without looking heavy. A couple of handsome women, quietly gowned and beautifully coiffed, were pointed out to me as members of a theatrical company. They had no mark of the accepted type about them, and everyone admired their elegant and simple, but distinguished costumes. Mrs. Otter wore a dark silk, with figured Dresden design; Mrs. Hemming was in grey, with hat to match, and white ostrich stole; Mrs. Somerville of Atherly wore a Paris gown of grey chiffon velvet, with transparent medallions over white chiffon, and a black-plumed hat, one of the smartest costumes on the lawn. Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Larkin and their little daughter were at the meeting. Mrs. Larkin in a plain white cloth costume, emerald velvet plumed hat and emerald parasol. Miss Annie Michie in white, with lavender parasol, and her hostess, Mrs. Polson, also in white, touched with lavender, the former laughingly receiving all sorts of good wishes on her approaching marriage. Miss Case, another *fiancee* whose friends are prodigal of good wishes, was with Mr. and Mrs. Case, and Mr. Allen Case, who has just returned from abroad. Mrs. Tallmadge wore a pretty black gown with lace, and a small black hat touched with white. A very smart little gown of silk shepherd's plaid was Mrs. J. Juchereau Kingsmill's. I hear that one of the *debutantes* of the season will be a daughter of this lady, who is very welcome back to town. Two very pretty green costumes were Miss Mortimer Clark's, in palest voile, and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt's in a more pronounced tone. Mrs. D. W. Alexander, whose gowns are always beautifully built, wore palest blue crepe de soie and white lace *en princesse*, with blue chapeau and ermine. Miss Dora Rowand was in a neat fancy grey tweed with a very smart toque with quills and tartan ribbons. Mrs. Gooderham of Deancroft brought her *debutante*, Miss Charlotte, and another young girl soon to make her *entree* was Miss Evelyn Kerr, who came with the Misses Morrison. Mrs. Arnold, newly back with her daughters from a very pleasant summer in England, wore black, with a crimson rose in her toque. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, who are soon leaving for a tour abroad, were on the lawn, Mrs. Cawthra wearing a white silk gown and hat touched with red. Three visitors from Scotland, Mr. Hart and his son and nephew, were with Mr. and Mrs. Hay, and Miss Ruby Ramsay of Montreal was also at the meeting with her host, looking very well in brown with white coat and hat to match. Mrs. Jack Dixon wore white flowered silk with pretty wrap and hat with white plume. Mrs. Hal Osler wore a delicate shade of grey, and a smart race coat, and flower-trimmed hat. Mrs. Cawthra Mulock in white muslin and lace, Miss Falconbridge in chestnut brown, Miss Cawthra in white with black plumed picture hat. Miss Mary Clark in white and palest blue, Miss Adele Boulton in white, Miss Somerville in ciel blue silk, Miss Rolph in white with pale blue, Miss Wornum and her friend, Mrs. Gra-

ham of Owen Sound, prettily gowned, were some of the many attractive ladies, admired by all. Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, the latter in a white frock with lace coat and white hat touched with blue; Mr. and Mrs. VanKoughnet, the lady in white with black hat; Mrs. H. Collingwood McLeod, in a white gown and hat touched with green; Miss Elise Mortimer Clark, who came out with Mr. Douglas Young, A.D.C., later in the afternoon, wore a pretty grey gown, which was most becoming. Miss Louise James was very dainty in a lovely little frock with hat touched with gold and pale blue. Of the President's party, Mrs. Eddie Seagram was a pretty young matron in a light green silk with a white chapeau that exactly suited her, and Mrs. Norman Seagram wore a smart figured silk, with lace coat, and wide hat with roses and black ribbon velvet. Her slender, girlish beauty is a contrast to the plump, pink and white prettiness of her comely sister-in-law. Mr. Perceval Ridout, who is again *en garcon* at his home in Wellesley street, was at the meeting, and Mr. E. F. B. Johnston brought his young daughter, Miss Jessie Johnston, who looked very nice in a brown frock and hat and blue boa. Mr. and Mrs. Gus Burritt, Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Cassels, Mr. R. A. Smith and his brother and sister, Mr. and Miss Jessie Smith, from Inch, Scotland; Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. Hammond, jr., Mrs. W. Ince, Mrs. Warrington and Mrs. Parkyn Murray, beautifully gowned; Mrs. and Miss Marie Macdonell, Mr. Mann, Mr. Claude Macdonell, Mr. Lefurgy, Mr. and Mrs. James Bain, Miss Chadwick of Lanmar, Mr. Vaux Chadwick, Mr. Jack Kilgour, Mr. Aemilius Jarvis and his graceful debutante daughter, Mr. Bertram Denison, who is out on leave from his regiment; Mr. W. S. Andrews, who was answering many enquiries for Mrs. Andrews, now quite ill at their pretty home in Beaumont road; the Misses Phillips of Queen's Park, looking as if their summer in Muskoka had been a happy one. Miss Wallbridge, another traveller come home recently, in a becoming white frock and hat; Mrs. J. Strachan Johnston, in pale blue; Major Vaux, Mr. Leith, Captain Des Voeux, Dr. Bruce, Mrs. George Taylor of Ottawa and Mrs. M. M. Kertland, Major and Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cox and Miss Cox, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Petersen, Mr. Bruce Macdonald, the Mayor of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Hodgins of Clynewood, Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Moore, Mrs. Reynolds, Captain Van Straubenzie, Miss A. Cooke, Mrs. Macfarlane, Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Worthington, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Gooderham, were some of those noticed passing to and fro on the lawn. A group of young men now taking courses at Stanley Barracks were enjoying their first meet at the Woodbine, and Colonel Stimson drove his drag with a beauty party on board, to and from the course. A great many people, as usual, dined at the Hunt Club after the races, and some early departures were observed getting into town betimes for the tea at Cona Lodge, the only affair of the sort *en train*. Taking it altogether, the opening day of the Fall Races was a success, and not the least of the pleasant things enjoyed was a good cup of tea in the cosy blue and white boudoir where Mrs. Fraser and other "official" ladies entertain so hospitably. The improved plan of the ladies' tiring-room also caused expressions of approval from all benefited. On Monday, there was a jolly party out, though the increasing heat was not welcome on Tuesday. Another brilliant day, Wednesday, with the grand run of fair weather unbroken, saw His Honor and Miss Mortimer Clark again at the meeting, where His Honor presented the winner with the Durham Cup. On Thursday hospitalities at Government House kept the family of the Lieutenant-Governor at home. On Monday, one of the visitors to the Woodbine was Mrs. Charles Selwyn, who looked her best in a handsome mauve crepe de soie with deep lace guimpe and bertha and white picture hat. A charming little debutante, Miss Muriel Jarvis, daughter of Mrs. Salter M. Jarvis, was at the races on Wednesday. Mr. Arthur Sladen of Ottawa was present several times. Space fails for further particulars, but up to time of going to press everything was lovely. The music of the various bands has been extra good, though one sighs for last year's treat from the Irish Guards.

Major and Mrs. Vaux have secured a house in Tyn-dall avenue, Parkdale, which they will soon occupy. Mrs. Vaux was a much admired Ottawa belle, Miss Sparks.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Calderwood have returned from a pleasant summer at their place in Collingwood.

Mr. McMurrich has rented his house in St. George street to Mr. Ross of the Metropolitan Bank.

Already the list of girls to make their *debut* this winter is growing long and promising. Some extremely attractive and pretty *debutantes* will grace the first important function, which the girls are hoping earnestly will be a dance at Government House, the event of all others at which a young flutterer likes to try her wings.

One of the pretty young girls at the Woodbine on Wednesday was Miss Kay, who has left with her mother, Mrs. John Kay, for England, where she is finishing her education.

Colonel and Mrs. Sweny have entertained several times recently at dinner. Captain Sweny is at Rahallion.

Mr. Hees and Mr. Ralph Hees have gone to Japan and China for a tour.

Mrs. Robert O'Hara has been for some time at 40 Wellesley street; her sister, Miss Dobbs, formerly of Portsmouth, was with Mrs. O'Hara on a short visit this week.

On several mornings lately, there have been good runs with the hounds. Lady Augusta Fane was one of the ladies riding one morning, and Miss Jarvis, a niece of the ex-Commodore, and Miss Chadwick, an Irish visitor, were out on Tuesday, when the meet was at Mr. Vaux Chadwick's place in Poplar Plains road.

On Tuesday, the death of Mrs. Williams took place at the Western Hospital, and removed another of Lady Wilson's long-time friends and companions. Mrs. Williams was a near relative of the late Sir Daniel Wilson, and formerly resided with his widow. Much sympathy is expressed for Lady Wilson, who only recently lost, by Miss Hector's sudden death, another dear companion. Mrs. Williams' funeral took place on Thursday from Lady Wilson's home in Russell street.

The engagement of Miss Violet Lee, daughter of the late A. B. Lee, and Mr. Harold Mara, son of the late William Mara, is announced.

Fall Millinery



Ladies are telling each other all over town how very attractive is this display of Fall Millinery, with styles here totally different from anything seen along the street.

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LEADING HATTERS and FURRIERS
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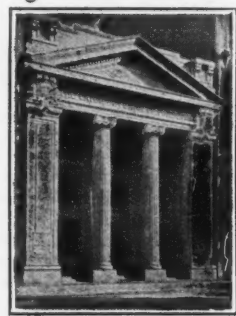
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Corner Bloor and Yonge streets. Corner Queen and Bathurst streets.
Queen East, corner Grant street. Corner College street and Spadina Ave.
Market, 163 King street east. Corner Yonge and College streets.
Parliament street, corner Carlton st. Parkdale, 1331 Queen street west.

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Neither London, Paris nor New York can produce diamond designs more beautiful than the goldsmith's we employ.

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20C each, 3 for 50C

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ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 20 not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practising in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

Robt. B. Henderson, 68 Canada Life Bldg. King St. West.
Humbert G. Jaquith, Confed. Life Bldg.

J. B. Back, 704 Temple Bldg.

Mrs. Adelyn K. Pigott, 162 Bloor St. East.

Georgene W. A. Cook, 166 College St.

P. P. Millard, D. O., 111 Confederation Life Building

THE KLONDIKE'S GOLDEN TREASURE

TO obtain a correct impression of the real condition of gold-seeking in the Klondike, a trip to the "creeks" is necessary. It is surprising with what comparative ease and comfort this journey may be made, and for this the traveller is indebted to the progressive and liberal policy of the Government. In all that immense territory which constitutes Northwestern Canada, wherever the enterprising spirit of the gold-hunter has discovered a field worth working, Canada has immediately followed with an official investigation which, if favorable, leads promptly to the establishment of a good wagon road to that point, writes Mrs. C. R. Miller in Leslie's Weekly. These assist in the rapid opening up of the country by attracting those people who would not settle there under less advantageous conditions, and by materially reducing the cost of transporting the machinery and implements necessary for extensive and productive mining operations. That part of the Yukon Territory known as the Klondike covers about eight hundred square miles, and during the last nine years the Canadian Government has expended more than a million dollars in the building of public highways, with the result that the great mining district is covered by a network of roads over which passenger and freight stages pass daily. The Klondike has produced about \$10,000,000 in gold since its opening, and is likely to continue productive for many years, now that the machinery which reduces the cost of working the gravel has been installed at nearly all the mines.

The stages, known as the Royal Mail, leave Dawson at 9 a.m. every day during the summer and twice or three times a week in winter, and for an hour before there is considerable activity around the stage office, packing and preparing bills-of-lading. The firm operating these coaches has stage routes of about two hundred and fifty miles leading to the different gold fields of the Klondike, and uses from four to six splendid horses in each vehicle. Some of the freight is loaded in with the passengers, and the morning I started for Grand Forks one man sat between a bag of bread and a camping outfit, which were so high that only the top of his hat could be seen from the sidewalk, while another was perched on a pile of blankets. I elected to sit high with the driver, and during the trip our feet rested on two kegs of valuable beer, while a bundle of newspapers to be delivered at different claims was wedged between us. The stage-driver was known as "Fred," and he weighed at least two hundred and fifty pounds. We started off with a great cracking of whips and went toward Dawson at a rapid gait. The Klondike River was soon reached, and here a gold dredge was bringing up the precious metal from the bed of that swift-running stream. The rental of the river from the Government costs the dredge-owner, who may secure a concession of five miles, \$100 a mile the first year, after which he pays \$10 a mile, and may lease for twenty years, with privilege of renewal. The dredge buckets pick up the gravel from the bed of the river and empty it into a sluice-box, over which the water is constantly rushing. The gold drops in the little gutters of the box, while the gravel and large stones fall back into the stream. Once a month a clean-up is made, and thousands of dollars' worth of gold has been obtained by this method.

The river was unusually high and had covered the road, and as we passed over it the water came up to the hubs. A boatman was on hand to ferry pedestrians across, as hundreds of men from the mines walk this highway daily. The road skirts the river for some distance, after which a sharp turn to the right is made, and the scant waters of the rich Bonanza Creek came into view. Acres of wild roses covered the hills and valleys, and the air was laden with their fragrance. The day was warm—in fact, hot—and at each road-house a stop was made to deliver mail, examine the horses, and for refreshments if the passengers wished to partake. The big stage-driver mopped his brow as we jogged along and gave me the gossip of Dawson with the same reckless assault upon character as the hired hack-driver does to the tourist at Newport.

"Ever tried mining yourself?" I asked.
"You bet!" came the answer. "I took out \$6,000 at Nome with an ordinary rocker (the simplest contrivance for mining), and then I lost my claim. That was in the days of Judge Noyes, who, you know, was removed for crookedness. I spent most of the money with lawyers, trying to recover my stake, and after I lost I went to work for another man, and didn't work fast enough; so here I am, fat and healthy."

He was one of the many persons I met in Alaska and the Yukon who lost in that tangle of claims at Nome a few years ago.

On the side of the hills are located the claims, and they begin only a short distance from the city. A hill or creek stake consists of ground 250 feet in length, measured on the base line or general direction of the creek on which it is located, the "base line" having been laid out by the government. The claim may run back one or two thousand feet. The prospector staking it must set up two posts, one at the upper end and one at the lower end of the creek line. He must post the name and a description of it, including trees or rocks by which it may be identified. Within ten days his claim must be filed in the recorder's office at Dawson, but before so doing he is required to take out a miner's license, the charge for which is \$7.50. No miner in the Yukon Territory can stake more than one claim on a single river, although he may hold any number by purchase. He may, however, stake a claim on other creeks or on a "pup," which is a small creek leading to a large one. Every man must develop his claim at least to the value of \$200 each year, or be forced to pay \$200 to the mining recorder for three years, after which it will cost him \$400 a year to keep his unworked claim. This does away with the dog-in-the-manger policy of staking off a number of claims and holding them unworked for higher prices—a plan which is quite common in Alaska. There are no tangles in titles of mining property in the Yukon, and clear and definite information in respect to any claim can be had on application.

The output from this district assays from fifteen dollars and fifty cents to seventeen dollars an ounce. An export duty of two and one-half cents is paid to the Canadian Government. Each stake is numbered as being so many claims above or below a certain claim, which is usually the one where gold was first discovered. They are known by that number, and a letter directed to "John Smith, 30 below Bonanza, Y. T.," will be delivered promptly.

As the gold in the Klondike is coarse and nuggets the size of a pea are frequently found, the placer method is used, and at the larger mines a hydraulic apparatus, flowing twenty thousand gallons of water a minute, tears down the hills with astonishing rapidity. The men then shovel the rich gravel into long wooden troughs containing a lattice-work made to fit the bottom. Water is caused to flow swiftly through the trough, and the

gold, being heavy, sinks into the ripples of the lattice-work, while the stones are sluiced out through the lower end of the waste pile. The sluice-boxes vary in length, and when the clean-up comes the water is stopped and the lattice-work lifted out, leaving the gold in numerous little piles, many of which often contain half an ounce. Five thousand dollars for a week's clean-up is not regarded as a large amount.

Panning is the most interesting process, but too slow for the large mine-owner. It consists of filling a pan about the size of an ordinary milk pan with gravel. This is dipped in water until enough water is in the pan to make the gravel move around freely, and by shaking the pan the gold, being much heavier than the other substances, begins to percolate through the gravel toward the bottom. The water is then poured off and carries with it some of the sand and gravel, but none of the gold. Stones and larger gravel are thrown out with the hand. This process is repeated for about half a dozen times, and eventually nothing remains but the pure yellow gold. It takes from five to ten minutes to wash out a pan, and anywhere from one to five dollars' worth of "color" is found on good paying ground. In "big strikes" gold has been known to run twenty-five dollars to the pan. If the visitor is invited "to pan out some dirt," he is presented with his results.

A man who works for a company or individual mine-owner receives from four to six dollars a day and his board. Many of them do their own cooking and live in cabins near the creeks. Flap-jacks (pancakes), bacon, and coffee are their chief diet during the winter, and in midsummer it requires a dexterous hand to turn the flap-jacks before the mosquitoes can settle on the unbaked side. The old-timer who has seen the ice come and go is known as a "sour-dough," and these men are the aristocrats of the camp. The newcomer, or the man who spends his winters outside, is always known as a "cheech-ako."

The cost of getting "in" is heavy, money is not always easily made, and the winters are bitter cold and depressing on account of the long darkness. So the miner saves his earnings until he reaches a more congenial climate. To be sure, there are men on the creeks who drink whiskey—and the hardest kind of whiskey—and gambling goes on; yet, on the whole, the Klondike miner is a quiet, provident individual, who devoutly hopes that the gold fields are not to be his permanent home.

Mr. Labouchere as the "Pigeon."

At Carlsbad I had once a curious experience with the late Lord Russell of Killowen. He was fond of whiling away an hour at some little game of cards. One day I met him in the town, and he proposed that we should play at bezique. A friend of his, with whom he was walking, happened to have a pack of cards in his pocket, so we sat down at a table before the leading cafe and began to play. A person in civilian garb came up to me and told me that we could not play with the cards that we were using. I supposed that he was a waiter of the establishment, and that we were expected to buy our cards at it. So I said that we would pay for the pack all the same. He then said that he was a Government official, and that only cards with the official stamp were allowed in Bohemia. "What is he saying?" said Lord Russell, who did not understand German. I replied that he wanted us to buy official cards. "Nonsense," said Lord Russell, and went on playing.

The official again protested, and said that if his directions were disobeyed he should have to take strong measures, but the Lord Chief Justice played on. I told him that if we did not obey orders we should certainly be walked off to prison. Then he allowed me to order other cards, but glared at the official as though he was going to commit him for contempt. When he wanted me to explain why we were not allowed to play with our cards I said that it was a little awkward to do so, but, on pressure, I said that the official had not liked the looks of him and his companion, while he considered that I had the air of a pigeon, and that he rather suspected the cards. He had, therefore, interfered to prevent me being plucked.—Henry Labouchere, in *Truth*.

It strikes the lay mind as being rather strange that part of the punishment of Captain Adair, who lost H.M.S. *Montagu*, should consist of "dismissal from his ship"—a ship which, to all intents and purposes, has ceased to exist. Supposing, however, that he had been found "not guilty," he would have retained theoretical command of the *Montagu*, even although it was a total wreck, until another command had been found for him. Thus he would have continued to draw his full pay of £602, as well as £328 "command money." Being dismissed his ship means that he will only draw half pay until he is given another command. Lieutenant Dathan, the navigating officer who was also found guilty, is still more unfortunate. By losing two years' seniority, about 160 lieutenants, who were his juniors, are placed above him, so that in addition to being placed on half pay by dismissal from his ship, promotion is considerably retarded.



PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

Fiancee—How do you like my new shoes, Bobby?
Bobby (enthusiastically)—By Jove! They're immense!
(Wishes himself at bottom of river.)—Punch.

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There's a Charm in cleanliness. There is beauty in neatness. We keep you well supplied with both at a cost that is ridiculously small compared with the results obtained. Think, your personal appearance is everything to your business and social standing.

"My Valet" Fountain, The Tailor CLEANER AND REPAIRER OF CLOTHES.
130 Adelaide Street West.—Phone Main 3074.

Really Encouraging.
Friend—So you have been revisiting Somerville, after all these years. How is it getting along?
Returned Native (enthusiastically)—Oh, Somerville is progressing splendidly. They have just built a fine, new jail, the finest in the county, and they needed it, too.—"Life."

The girl who is going to be married in October says that there has been a great deal written about love, but nobody has yet done full justice to the subject.—Somerville "Journal."

INVESTMENTS.

Reports on Securities
furnished on application.
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4 PER allowed on all deposits sub-
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Real Estate Department.—The
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FROM MONTREAL AND QUEBEC TO
LIVERPOOL.

"EMPRESS OF IRELAND" Sept. 27th, Oct. 6th.
LAKE CHAMPLAIN, Sept. 15th, Oct. 27th.
"EMPRESS OF BRITAIN," Sept. 21st, Oct. 19th.
"LAKE ERIE," Sept. 29th and Nov. 10th.
1st. cabin \$65.00 and upwards; according to
steamer; one-class steamers (intermediate)
\$42.50; 2nd cabin \$40.00 up; 3rd class \$28.50 and
\$26.75. Apply at once for our illustrated booklet
descriptive of our superior 3rd class accommo-
dation.

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MONTROSE, Sept. 30th, 2nd. cabin only, \$40.00
Apply for complete sailings.
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TORONTO THE INVESTOR MONTREAL



H. MARKLAND MOLSON
Montreal.

Montreal, Sept. 20.
THE control of King Money in Mont-
real's public affairs, referred to last
week in this column, has cropped up
again quite unexpectedly in the person
of Mr. H. Markland Molson, who a few
days ago was chosen at a public meeting
in the Board of Trade to represent the
West ward in the City Council. The
West ward is the great business district
of the city, and while the voters are com-
paratively few, the interests represented
are of paramount importance, taking in
the banking district, the broker section,
and the wholesale and shipping trade.
The self-styled Citizens' Committee having in hand the
nominations, met and picked upon three men, one of whom
declined to become a candidate, leaving Mr. George May-
berry and Mr. H. Markland Molson in the field. This
committee also drafted a series of questions pertaining to
the candidates' attitude on various public matters. May-
berry declared himself opposed to the present high prices
of electricity and gas, and against a fifty-year franchise
for the M. S. R. Molson declined to obligate himself on
these matters. When it came to a vote Mr. Molson won
by a small majority, made up of his conferees in the bank-
ing business and a contingent of brokers, whose appear-
ance on the scene may be due to the fact that the candi-
date met with the approval of the M. S. R. and Light,
Heat, and Power interests. Further, it may be stated
that Mr. Molson was duly nominated by Mr. George Caver-
hill, who engineers monopolistic matters in the business
section of Montreal.

Mr. H. Markland Molson is the fortunate possessor of
a large fortune left him by his uncle, the late J. H. R.
Molson, one of the founders of Molsons Bank, and one of
the foremost merchants of his day. Young Molson is
either officer or director in some nine or ten financial or
industrial institutions, such as Molsons Bank, the Riche-
lieu and Ontario Navigation Co., the City and Districts
Savings Bank, and the National Trust. In the days when
the Cotton merger endeavored to gobble up the Montreal
Cotton Company, Mr. Molson fought the Forget crowd
tooth and nail, he being the vice-president of the last-
named corporation. Later on, however, when an under-
standing had been arrived at between Montreal Cotton
and the Dominion Textile Company, the hatchet was
buried, and Molson once again entered the fold.

Aside from being Commodore of the St. Lawrence
Yacht Club and officer in various like organizations, Mr.
Molson has not come before the public eye; and as the
nomination for member of Council for the West ward is
equivalent to an election, his attitude on important public
matters will be looked to with a great deal of attention
and interest.

Whether or not a deal is eventually put through whereby
the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company and the
Lake of the Woods Milling Company are
merged, the proposal is an interesting one from
many standpoints. In the first place, it is now
known to a certainty that the control of the Lake of the
Woods Company is on the "street." In other words, the
officers and directors of this corporation own scarcely a
dollar's worth of the common stock, with its voting pow-
ers, and to-day the control may be secured by any person
or persons willing to buy in the open market. The reason
for this strange condition of affairs is found in the fact
that under the regime of David Russell the common stock
was juggled about until Robert Meighen and other officials
of the corporation who came in when Russell was forced
aside, have no confidence in it as a dividend proposition,
and therefore refuse to load themselves up with the same.
In other words, President Robert Meighen is not by any
means confident that the common stock can pay anything
like a regular dividend in face of the bond and preferred
stock obligations, which amount to more than \$165,000
annually.

On the other hand, Messrs. Charles R. Hosmer, F. W.
Thompson, Sir George A. Drummond, Sir Montagu Allan,
E. S. Clouston, and others in control of the Ogilvie Flour
Mills Company know exactly where to place hands on 51
per cent. of the common stock of their corporation, and
are not adverse to turning over the same, provided a favor-
able offer is made. It is said that net profits for the
past twelve months have not been as good with the Ogil-
vie people as those interested would have liked. In the
first place, they got on the wrong side of the grain market
last autumn, and this cost a great deal of money. Again,
the disaster to their western elevator was a loss of no
mean proportions. Taken all in all, therefore, the Ogilvie
people do not look with disfavor upon an amalgamation.
Years bring about great changes, for who in the lifetime
of the late William Ogilvie, founder of this great busi-
ness, and least of all Ogilvie himself, would have dreamed
of anything but deadly warfare upon his great rival, the
Lake of the Woods. "Amalgamate? Me? I'll see 'em all
in hell first," Ogilvie would have said, and he would have
meant it, too. There was nothing suave about William
Ogilvie. He was as rough as he was good hearted—a
bad hater and a lasting friend. He was a man who made
his way by force. This was indicated upon every line
of his face and every inch of his big frame. He brushed
adversity aside much as his forefathers did their enemies
on the Scottish hills generations back.

Toronto, Sept. 20.

THERE is a feeling of hopefulness among brokers in
regard to the future of the local stock market. In
the way of a revival of speculation or return of the cus-
tomary activity, there has not been up to this time very
much of an encouraging nature, in spite of the fact that
the middle of the first fall month has been passed. Of
course there are reasons why this should be so, but at the
same time a little more briskness in the daily call, which
comes when orders are prevalent, would be most decidedly
welcome. Among the reasons assigned for the lack of
interest on the Toronto Stock Exchange, is the high rates
prevailing for money, and the difficulty in getting accom-
modation at all, except, perhaps, in very small amounts.
Some indications are noted that a change for the better is
not unlikely, and in that event it may be expected that
something in the way of business will be going on in the
local Exchange before a great while. It goes without saying
that the intrinsic value of our securities have not
fallen away, and that there is no loss of confidence in
them. Otherwise there would have been plenty of stock
on the market for sale, and the daily quotations would
have shown, if not violent fluctuations, at least a steady
downward tendency. The firmness of the market, how-
ever, in spite of the period of comparative inactivity, is a
striking evidence of its character.

The action of Twin City has been rather
disappointing to many of its
Tractions. friends. Of late there have
been several attempts made
to mark the price up, but as often have
prices receded. The earnings are ex-
panding at a rapid rate, the return for
the first week of September showing an
increase of \$41,000, and it is again given
out that the November dividend will be
at the rate of 6 per cent. The price,
however, is kept down, some say for the
purpose of discouraging holders, and to
enable the manipulators to load up. To-
ronto Railway had a normal seven days
last week, the earnings for which time were over \$64,000,
an increase of \$6,267 as compared with the corresponding
seven days of last year. By the way, the Sunday earn-
ings of Toronto Railway are in the neighborhood of \$7,-
000. One of our brokers, who no doubt wishes to sell his
stock to one of the Montreal bulls, figures that the earn-
ings of the local road this week will show an increase of
\$3,000 a day at least from the Oddfellows' visit. Then
there are the races at the Woodbine to be considered, and
the natural increase as well. This particular broker, any-
way, looks for 120 for Toronto Ralls by the time this week's
returns are published. Although not very active, Cana-
dian Pacific holds its own. Its earnings are immense, and
as the company has always done well by its shareholders,
it is questionable even with a further good rise in the price
of shares there could be found many sellers. For the
second week of September, gross earnings increased
\$326,000, and for the 2 1/2 months of the present fiscal year
they show an increase of \$3,340,000.

Desp'te the dullness of securities dealt in on the Toronto
Stock Exchange, there are indications
Nipissing Mines. of reviving speculation in other
branches of the security markets.

Nipissing, with a capital of \$6,000,000, has risen \$7 a share
within a week, selling above \$16. The par value of this
stock is \$5 a share, and up till two months ago it did not
sell above par. The market value of the property has
risen from \$6,000,000 to nearly \$20,000,000 in that time.
The activity and advancing prices are due to reports of
new discoveries of silver and other high grade ore in the
property at Cobalt. Insiders, according to rumor, had
released more stock than was intended, and are now trying
to recover it.

Another curb stock that has shown considerable
strength this week is Canadian Oil. This company is a
consolidation of oil distributing companies with a capital-
ization of \$1,500,000. It was formed about two years ago,
when the Grant Hamilton Oil Co. purchased wells in
Petroleum. The shareholders were chiefly oil consumers,
the company being formed largely as a defensive measure
against trust influences. For the year ended December 31
last, the company paid dividends amounting to six per
cent. The half-yearly statement, recently issued, shows
earnings of \$130,000, and a large increase in orders on
hand. Not long ago the stock sold under 80, and within
a week or ten days it has sold at 85 to 93 1/2. There are
rumors that the Standard Oil Co. would like to get con-
trol of the Canadian Oil Co., and that the advancing prices
are due to their buying. Others contend that the local
company are doing so well that increased dividends may
be expected shortly.

North Star is another mining property that is looking
up once more. There has been no speculation in these
shares for several years, but the mining fever is again
developing. On Monday, North Star sold at 13 3/4, and
on the curb on Tuesday afternoon it had sold at 21. Re-
ports from the mine are said to be very favorable, and
the high price of lead and silver is a bull argument. When
the stock was first listed here in 1900, it sold as high as
120, but by 1904 it had almost dropped out of sight.

The big men of Wall Street are doing their level best to
carry the stock market through the pend-
ing period of money stringency without
an enforced liquidation of either stocks
or bonds. With the active aid of a will-
ing Secretary of the Treasury, supplies of funds are be-
ing temporarily reinforced by resort to an artificially stimu-
lated gold import movement. Artfully clothed explana-
tions do not, however, disguise the fact that the money
thus brought in is borrowed, and not in settlement of bal-
ances—borrowed to prolong speculation, in the desperate
hope of landing the public with the heretofore undistrib-
uted contents of the vaults and strong boxes of the banks,
trust companies, and underwriting syndicates. The man-
ipulated rise in the market has sufficed to mark up the
price of the goods, but it has not yet been considered safe
to undertake the work of wholesale distribution, although
several feelers in that direction have been engineered. In
well-informed quarters, however, there is a conviction
that the bull movement will not culminate till both the
Morgan and the Standard Oil stocks have their periods
of activity at advancing prices. This means, probably, an
early and aggressive buying movement in the Steels. As
a matter of fact, the inertia of Steel preferred is some-
thing beyond the understanding of nine traders out of ten.
Excellent critics figure that as a seven per cent. dividend
payer through the dull times of 1903 and 1904, and there-
fore a sure dividend payer, it is absurdly low, especially
with so many four, five, six, and seven per cent. stocks
quoted as they are to-day, at prices which return only
three or four per cent. on the investment.

Will Street Manipulation.

The mineral production of Canada
for the year 1905, according to a re-
port by the Geological Survey, pub-
lished this week, was \$68,574,707.
This is the greatest production yet
recorded in any one year. It shows
an increase of \$8,500,000 over the
previous year, and \$2,000,000 over the
output of 1901, the best previous
record. Gold production amounted in
value to \$14,486,833, of which the
Yukon furnished \$8,327,200. Copper
is placed at \$7,420,454; silver, \$3,605,-
957; lead, \$2,634,084; nickel, \$7,550,-
306; cobalt, \$100,000. The total pro-
duction of pig iron was 527,932 tons,
valued at \$6,492,972, of which it is
estimated 70,554 tons, valued at \$1,-
047,860, should be attributed to Cana-
dian and 457,378 tons, valued at
\$5,445,112, to imported ore. The
value of the coal produced was \$17,-
658,615.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

The Bank of Hamilton draws direct on
correspondents in all of the principal foreign
cities, and issues drafts on and makes collec-
tions in all parts of the world.

It provides tourists and commercial travel-
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and with international Cheques, available
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THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA Dividend No. 3

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of one per
cent. has been declared upon the paid-up Capital Stock of
THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA, and that the same will be pay-
able at its Head Office, in Toronto, and at the Branches, on and
after Monday, the 1st day of October next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 29th
of September, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
G. DE C. O'GRADY,
General Manager.

TORONTO, 28TH AUGUST, 1906.



Satisfaction

Such as results from
a meal at

The St. Charles Dutch Grill

cannot be obtained
elsewhere in Canada.
Indeed one must go
to New York, London
or Paris to find any-
thing that compares
with

The St. Charles Grill

in the way of appoint-
ment, service or food

banks will continue to lose on the inter-
ior exchanges up to the middle of
November, and they must count on a
further increase in gold imports.
While the European banking position
is strong, the demand for money is
active, and this week the Imperial
Bank of Germany raised its discount
rate from 4 1/2 to 5 per cent.

Minerals.

The mineral production of Canada
for the year 1905, according to a re-
port by the Geological Survey, pub-
lished this week, was \$68,574,707.
This is the greatest production yet
recorded in any one year. It shows
an increase of \$8,500,000 over the
previous year, and \$2,000,000 over the
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047,860, should be attributed to Cana-
dian and 457,378 tons, valued at
\$5,445,112, to imported ore. The
value of the coal produced was \$17,-
658,615.

being no place for the guillotine to
perform its functions, there have been
no executions since the Roquette
prison was destroyed, six years ago.

M. Deibler, the late executioner,
received about 17,000 francs a year
from the Ministry of Justice, between
his salary and perquisites, and was
also allowed a couple of aids. Among
the perquisites were the calves he and
his men guillotined to keep their
hands in.

The late M. Deibler between jobs
collected pictures for rich South
Americans, and might be called four-
nisseur en titre to the new churches
of that continent. He had an interest-
ing collection of his own.

He left his family very well off, and
his son resides in the paternal villa
near the Parc aux Princes. He takes
pride in his physical strength, also a
heritage.

A Problem.

While musing on the rights of man
And wealth of nations,
I think upon my boyhood plan;
No decorations
Bade me a doubtful claim assert
To legal tender;
I needed just my "pants," a shirt
And one suspender?
Why now do kings bewail the price
Of gilded splendor,
And Croesus win with loaded dice
More legal tender?
Why does my envy of them hurt
When these could render
My life content—just "pants," a shirt
And one suspender?
—New York "Sun."

Take in Vanderbilt Cup Race.

\$9—New York and Return—\$9.
Via Lehigh Valley R.R., from Sus-
pension Bridge, Thursday, October
4th. Tickets good 10 days. Good on
all regular express trains except
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No dinner wine equals Port—but port is much imitated and adulterated. Convido Port defies imitation—it is rich, fragrant, grapy flavor is in it because it's honest Port, made from the best grapes in Portugal. Bottled where it is made—so nothing can happen to it. Much happens to casked wine.

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is not the ordinary massage usually given, but treatments that build new tissue, remove lines, tone muscles, and give to the face a fresh, healthy, glowing appearance suggestive of youth.

Some of the blemishes we remove are freckles, moles, blackheads, pimples, bad colored skin, roughness, wrinkles, crowfeet, flabby neck, flat chest, hollows in neck, retarded development of form.

Superfluous hair on face, neck, hands or arms permanently eradicated and satisfactorily removed by Electrolysis. Charges moderate. Ladies are invited to call for personal consultation. Our handsome brochure sent on request.

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YOUNG CANADIANS SERVING THE KING.

XXIV.



LIEUT. H. S. STEWART,
 Graduate Royal Military College, Kingston,
 XVII. Bengal Lancers, India.

Social and Personal

The extra-extra dance at the R. C. Y. Club, which closed the summer season on Tuesday night, was preceded by a bumper dinner, at which a good many former *habitués* joined to-day's active corps of diners and dancers for the first time this season. Some of those who took dinner on the balcony were Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald, Mr. R. A. Smith and his sister, Miss Jessie Smith of Scotland, Mrs. Smith, Mr. W. Gibson Cassels, Miss Thomson, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Macrae, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Bruce, Miss Lamport, and her guest, Miss Young of Quebec, Miss Heward, Mr. Lionel Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Eby, Mr. and Mrs. Tudhope, Mr. and Mrs. Tripp, Mrs. Grantham, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reid, Mrs. Jack Murray, Mrs. Eyre, and many others. Among the pretty girls who danced indefatigably were Miss Meredith, looking lovely in white, with her dark hair beautifully arranged; Miss Lois Duggan, looking her prettiest; Miss Muriel Armstrong, a very welcome visitor again in town; the Misses Hamilton and Dwyer of Alabama, who received tremendous attention; Miss Brenda Smellie, in a pretty light muslin; Miss Gouinlock, and an equally popular girl friend; Miss Violet Edwards, who has spent the summer in Niagara-on-the-Lake; Miss Delf Sylvester, in a girlish summer frock; Miss Kemp of Castle Frank, and her not-out sister, Miss Hazel, looking a picture in a girlish pink dress; Miss Carter, in pale blue and cream; the Misses Sweetman, Miss McLean of New York, Miss Norah Stevenson of Vancouver, Miss Foy, M'ss Porter, and scores of young yachtsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Birchall were in for an hour, during the dance, the bride looking very sweet. The *salle a manger* at the club house is closed for the season.

Wednesday was a charming day at the Woodbine, and Mr. Seagram's victory and winning of the Durham Cup pleased everybody. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor made a nice little speech, and presented the cup, which is a splendid trophy from the Earl of Durham, a grandson of that first Lord Durham who once held office as Governor-General of British North America. Three hearty cheers were given with a "tiger" for the Lieutenant-Governor, and three more for the new President of the Jockey Club, who so happily won the cup for the first time. The 13th Regimental band from Hamilton played very well indeed on Wednesday, their white-haired conductor wielding a clever baton. Among strangers in town for the meeting were Mr. Lockwood, manager of the Bank of Montreal, Mrs. Lionel Clark's father, and his other daughter, of Guelph; Colonel Smith, of London; Professor Martin, of R.M.C., Kingston, and Miss Bell, who came with Mr. and Mrs. McWhinney. The Earl of Durham sent a charming letter with his splendid cup, and said he hoped to be here to see a race for it some day.

On Thursday, from three to five o'clock, a garden party in honor of the Oddfellows attending convention in Toronto, was given by His Honor, and Mrs. Mortimer Clark at Government House.

The Argonaut fall regatta and At Home next Saturday are the events interesting the younger contingent in the sporting and social world. As usual, the afternoon will be a red letter day with a great many of them.

Mr. Angus Sinclair has bought Mr. James Henderson's former residence in Ancroft place, just north-east of Sherbourne street bridge, and will settle his family there when it is altered to suit them.

Mrs. Edwin Kellogg received with her mother, Mrs. Henderson, on Monday afternoon, at the Henderson residence in Crescent road, Rosedale. The bridesmaids, Miss Henderson and Miss McLeod, in their pretty green frocks, assisted at the tea-table. Rev. Edwin and Mrs. Kellogg have gone to Germany, where Mr. Kellogg will study for a year before going to the mission field in India.

A very wee girl, in a sweet little frock, socks, slippers, and a bonnet with five pink rosettes almost saying saucy things, paraded the members' lawn in perfect unconcern on several afternoons of this week. A tiny blonde boy in a white sailor suit, with pale blue facings, was also the recipient of many admiring glances. One of the strangers at the Woodbine said Toronto must be a sporty place when such infants took in the races. Which recalls De Wolf Hopper's gag that it was the fastest city he had

ever struck, for here we had "Saturday Night" on Friday morning.

Mrs. Boyer, Mrs. Walter Ridout, Miss Ridout, and Mr. Lionel Ridout, have gone to San Diego, California, to reside. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ridout have already made their home there.

Mrs. Stirling had a pretty young friend, Miss Leecy-craft of New York, with her at the races on Wednesday.

Mrs. Robinson of Beverley House and her daughter, have returned from abroad.

The fair golfers are mostly arrived in town for the opening of the tournament next Monday, when some fine play is expected.

Miss Hugel has returned to Port Hope, and her sister, Miss Virginia, is visiting Mr. Randall Davidson and Miss Davidson of Sherbrooke street, Montreal.

The Parkdale girls are the ones who have good times. There is all the freedom of a small town, and all the advantages of an adjacent city for them. They and their cavaliers, as a girl expressed it, "keep a polish on their hardwood floors," and constant entertainment of an intimate and friendly sort is a blessing much enjoyed in the Lakeside suburb. And then, the Parkdale girls are delightfully pretty.

The Oddfellows have certainly had a large time here. Day in and night out they have paraded and sung songs and enjoyed themselves more like boys on a holiday than staid, serious men. The bands tooted, the gold lace gleamed, the dashing regalia won the hearts of the susceptible, and incidentally the town is richer for their visit. In the parade on Wednesday, the Oddfellows cut loose in uniqueness and absurdity of costume and et ceteras, tiny scarlet sunshades and mauve suits being some of the freaky things seen.

On Saturday afternoon Miss Macdonald of Cona Lodge and Mrs. Charlie Macdonald gave a charming tea for Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, whose marriage took place recently. The hostesses received in the drawing-room, but the tea was served on a buffet done with mauve and white asters and set on the spacious verandah on the west side of the house, and the guests found that pleasant spot and the garden lawn beyond a great improvement on four walls, a roof, and a floor. Everyone waited on other ones and themselves, and plenty of trained attendants looked after the buffet of good things. The dainty little bride, in a green voile gown, with *guimpe* of white, and pretty hat, and her fine young husband, were always surrounded. One of the guests who looked particularly smart and well was Miss Charlotte Chaplin, of St. Catharines, who has had such a splendid trip around the world lately. Mrs. Rolph had her sister, Mrs. Massey, with her, and a few of the others were Mr. Justice and Mrs. Magee, the Misses Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Arthurs, Mr. and Mrs. William Laidlaw, Miss Laidlaw, Rev. W. Brookman, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Scott, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Principal and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mrs. and Miss Whitney. Mr. and Mrs. Skinner are leaving at once for India, where the bridegroom's regiment is stationed.

Upper St. George street is filling up very fast. Mrs. Gooderham's home is just about finished. Mr. Ross Gooderham is still growing in stateliness and size. Mrs. Bain's grey rough-stone house is entirely novel and interesting in design. Mr. Mortimer Bogert's is a pretty home, indeed. Mrs. Michie and her daughters are about settled in their new home, and Major Keefer's house is approaching completion. These are but a few of the fine homes which are now going up in northern St. George street.

Miss Anna Jennings is now in Scotland.

Mrs. Paul Krell is at the Arlington with her sister, Mrs. Frank Bradney, who, I regret to hear, is seriously ill.

Miss Young, a petite and popular girl, cousin of Mr. Douglas Young, A.D.C., is visiting Mrs. Wallace Bruce. Mrs. Young, who has been in Quebec, en route from Metis, is now the guest of Mrs. Willie Gwynn, and was at the Races on Wednesday.

Mrs. Heaven and her daughters have returned home.

A September house wedding, with a particularly artistic setting, was that of Miss Ada Cook, daughter of Mrs. Thomas J. R. Cook, to Dr. W. Ambrose Fish, which took place last Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock. The ceremony was performed in the drawing-room, where autumn leaves had been used skilfully and abundantly with excellent effect. The bride, who was brought in and given away by her brother, Mr. Thomas Cook, wore an imported robe de noce of champagne silk chiffon voile, trimmed with point lace, and having a girdle and flare elbow cuffs of Dresden silk. A wreath of lily of the valley was arranged on her hair, and she carried a shower bouquet of the same flower, while her jewels were a pendant of sapphires, pearls, and diamonds, given by the groom; a pearl brooch, the gift of Dr. George Fish, and a Tiffany diamond and olive ring, given by her sister, Mrs. Cookson. The bridal party consisted of Mrs. Cook, sister-in-law of the bride, as matron of honor, wearing a shirred gown of pearl silk, trimmed with Irish point, and carrying a sheaf of American Beauty roses; and two little golden-haired flower girls, Miss Dimples Green and Miss Grace Cook, nieces of the bride, dressed in fluffy, white silk frockies with dainty edgings of Valenciennes lace, and carrying baskets of pale pink carnations and feathery ferns. The best man was Dr. George N. Fish, and the service was impressively read by the Rev. Mr. Vance, rector of the Church of the Ascension, assisted by the Rev. H. A. Fish, cousin of the groom. At the conclusion of the ceremony, a reception was held, and dainty refreshments served from a buffet, in the dining-room, decorated with lily of the valley and white roses; the wedding gifts, arranged in the music-room beyond, being much admired. Shortly after, Mr. and Mrs. Fish left for New York, Boston, and Atlantic City, where the honeymoon will be spent, and on their return will make their home at 685 Queen street east.

The annual fall regatta of the Queen City Yacht Club, held last Saturday afternoon, proved a very successful affair. The eight events, consisting of sailing and motor races, were participated in by a great many boats, and witnessed by some two hundred interested guests. On the conclusion of the regatta, which was rendered more enjoyable by the perfect weather, an At Home was held. Mrs. W. G. H. Ewing, wife of the rear-commodore, presented the prizes, consisting of silver cups, and flags, to the successful competitors, and the remainder of the evening was given over to dancing.

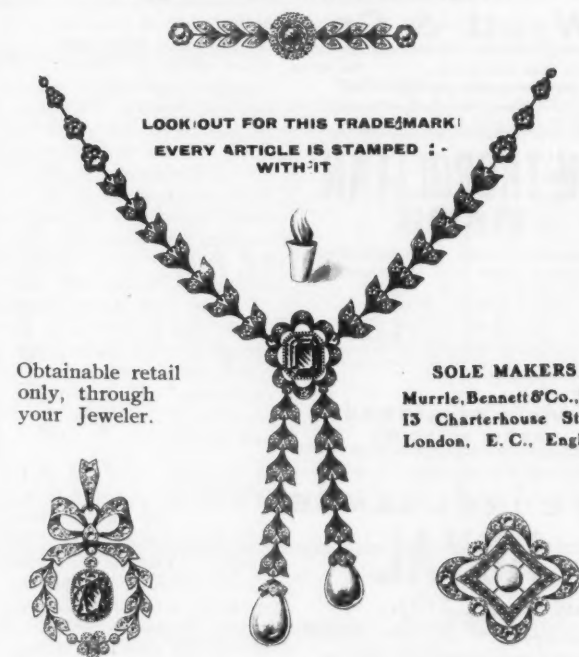
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Notes for
Music Lovers

GERSHWIN'S new symphonic poem, "The House-cleaver" (Die Teufelsfrau), is destined to produce a profound impression. The opening passage, "Allegro Assai," is marked in the score "Cheerful Feelings at the Approach of Spring." This gentle melody, a duet for triangles, is interrupted by a shrill cry from the ophicleide, abruptly introducing the main theme, "The Charwoman"—a delicate, elf-like figure, constantly reappearing at unexpected intervals in a vigorous moto perpetuo, working out in strict style, mostly brass, but full of deceptive endings. The muted piccolos sing the first phrase of the "Moth Ball Motive," taken up by the entire camphor-wood-wind family. This modulates naturally into the "Clothes Line Theme," a series of strong chords from the strings, sustained by several bars, fortissimo. Upon this is skillfully overlaid the "Carpet-figure," rapidly taken up in imitation by the neighboring families, and enduring an incredible number of beats. "The Charwoman" re-enters with another key, unobtrusively accompanied by a broad African melody, the "Whitewash Theme." A long and exhaustive set of variations follows in A-flat, with a succession of heroic measures. Discords become dominant, till a sudden resolution on the owner's part leads to "The Invocation to the Vacuum Cleaner"—an elusive phrase given out by the solo caccarina, commo molo, elaborated by the tenor thermopile in semi-breves and decimetres. The picaroon, in a characteristic episode, emitting cold blasts from the lower register, and reinforced by the fire shovels in G and G-sharp, indicates the giving-out of the furnace. A striking chorale in the percussion family introduces the coda, "Grand March of the Buffalo Bugs." This ominous subject, first breathed in long-drawn staccato from the contrabassophone, climbs by irresistible crescendos throughout the entire orchestral fabric, culminating in a stentorian roar from that quaint, little instrument, the Viennese bockhorn. The trio, founded upon a charming Dalmatian air, portrays the delight of the invading hordes at the discovery of a quantity of insect powder. Through the orgy that ensues the earlier themes attempt in vain to obtain a point of vantage. All the resources of modern works are called upon, but each in turn is overpowered, leaving the march to complete its invincible course in triumphant octaves and tetrachords. The manuscript is inscribed "To My Janitor."—"Life."

The Middle Aged Man.

"It rejoices me, mildly," said the middle aged man, "to hear, as I do still, coming from a house in the neighborhood where I dwell, the sound of a chopping knife in a bowl. In these days so many things are done by machinery. Even in the household so many things that once we pored over with loving and patient care we do now without thought except of the work involved, by the aid of mechanical appliances. "We make hash now in a machine. We put the ingredients into a receptacle attached and turn a crank monotonously, and there is the hash. What a descent is this from the old time ways!"

"The scrupulously clean chopping bowl and the equally trim knife. The materials, good materials, prepared with care, and placed with care in the bowl; something worth the added work that is now to be bestowed upon it."

"The muffled sound of the knife, at first, as it falls in the heaped up mound; its clear, really musical ring later, when it strikes with regular strokes on the wood. The momentary intervals, when the good housewife, with the flat of the knife, is sweeping the now somewhat spread out chooped up material together again, and then more regular chopping; with little chops now and then on the side, giving finishing touches to little capes or promontories that may jut out from the center, here and there around."

"Musical sounds all, telling of proper and patient and loving care and labor. And the hash!"

"Alas! for the hash of the days of old. Hash, and farewell, to the vanishing chopping knife and bowl!"

What Some People Do.

While indignation over the recent census returns for Alberta and especially Calgary, is shaping itself for action, citizens may well reflect that things might have been worse, as they observe some features of the census as taken in India, a record of which is kept in the Sanscrit College in Benares.

No fault has been found as to the recorded occupations of Albertans in the Dominion census, but what if truth had compelled the inclusion of such businesses as the following, found in the India record. Especially do the returns from Allahabad furnish startling and spicy reading: "35 describe themselves as 'men who beg, with threats of violence,'" 226 as "flatterers for gain," 974 as "low blackguards," 29 as "howlers at funerals," while 6,732 publicly announce themselves as "poets."

In other places were found 11,000 "tom-tom players," 45 "makers of crowns for weddings," and 6 "hereditary painters of horses in spots." The audacity with which these professions of business are made is more



Seedy Sam (threateningly)—No, an' I won't take my foot out till— mum, I ain't had a bite for three days, —Punch."

THE YOUNG ARCHITECT

than refreshing. Moreover, every worker is a sort of voucher for the continuance of his special trade, occupations in India being hereditary.

Such facts as to India's condition, with a consideration of the effects of the growth and expansion of these industries, constitute for Albertans an illustration of the soundness of the advice given in the lines:

"Count your mercies, tell them one by one,
And it will surprise you when the day is done."

Such people might be among us and are not. No one makes a business even of poetry in Alberta, let alone the "threatening beggars," "flatterers for gain," etc., therefore this peep at India's census returns should migrate honest discontent while it does not increase intelligent and zealous effort toward attaining a correct statement of our population.

My Ship.

One bright day in the long ago—
And many the years that have passed since then—
She sailed away to the golden land,
With the greed that lives in the hearts of men.

The sea was smooth and the sky was fair,
The white gulls swung at her slanting side,
While high at her peak the colors hung—
The flaunting flag of her master's Pride.

Far to the isles in the tropic seas
She sailed where the wealth of their depths is doled,
And she anchored there where the lulling breeze
Makes the hearts forget the lust for gold.

And there, in the crystal depths, were pearls,
And gold lay rich on the shining strands,
But Youth forgot, and haughty Pride
Could ill afford to soil its hands.

Battered and grim, like a phantom ship,
A limping cripple, she homeward crept,
With tattered sails and dangling spars
And weathered decks by the ocean swept.

No flaunting flag flamed at her peak,
No words of welcome were said,
And this, my ship, I sent away,
Came back with Pride, the master, dead.

—Milwaukee "Sentinel."

London's 7,100,000.

In its annual volume of London Statistics, which is this year issued in a new and better form, the London county council is looking ahead as far as 1910. By that time it is calculated that the population of Greater London will have exceeded seven and a half millions. It is to-day 7,113,000, which is half a million more than in 1901.—London "Telegraph."

Taking No Chances.

An East India doctor furnished the following death certificate: "I am of mind that he died for want of foodings, or on account of starvation. Maybe also for other things of his comfortables, and most probably he died by drowning."—Allahabad "Pioneer."

Her Reform.

Stella—Do you advocate changes in spelling?
Bella—Only Miss to Mrs.—New York "Sun."

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mrs. Charles Stovel of New York and Miss Evelyn Martin were the guests of honor at a dinner last Monday evening at the Yacht Club.

Mrs. Charles Stovel of New York, who has been visiting Mrs. Dr. Norman Allen, Carlton street, is now with Mrs. Martin and Miss Evelyn Martin of 135 Walmer road.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sheldon of Huron street, announce the marriage of their daughter, Minnie Marion, to Mr. Alex Howard Renwick, son of Mr. William Renwick, Harbord street, on Wednesday, October 10.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Beers, late of Euclid avenue, wish to announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Miss Daisy Beers, to Mr. Martin G. Hellinger of Hamilton, Ont., formerly of West Virginia, the wedding to take place October 18.

Mr. W. M. Kenly of the Ontario Bank and his mother, who have been spending the summer on Center Island, are now in Parry Sound for September.

Mrs. Kempt of New York (formerly of Lindsay, Ont.) announces the engagement of her youngest daughter, Genevieve Mary, to Dr. A. A. Wren, also of New York. The wedding will take place early in February.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Birrell of York Mills announce the marriage of their daughter, Annie, to Mr. Clarkson Stephens of Toronto, on Wednesday, October 3.

Mrs. M. D. Johnson (nee Alexander) will receive for the first time since her marriage, at 122 Kenilworth avenue north, Thursday, September 27, afternoon and evening.

A quiet wedding took place at eight o'clock Tuesday morning at the parsonage, 335 Berkeley street, when Mr. W. George McClelland was united in marriage by the Rev. J. Edward Starr to Mrs. Frank Wismer. The bride wore her travelling gown, which was a black and white pin-head check, made with Eton coat, which was handsomely trimmed with black passementerie, in scroll design, the skirt being finished with the same in a larger pattern. Her felt turban was a saucy affair, having a crush crown of white and rolling brim of black, the only trimming being a large bird. The happy couple will spend their honeymoon at Atlantic City.

Miss Irma Bingham of Regina, who has been summering in the East, left Toronto for home on Wednesday.

At St. Anne's Church on Saturday afternoon, September 15, the marriage of Miss Bessie Sturdevant, daughter of Mrs. M. Sturdevant, to Mr. Richard Sid Smith took place, the Rev. Lawrence E. Skye, M.A., officiating. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. C. Mourant, looked charming in a dress of white Brussels net, trimmed with Valenciennes lace over taffeta. A small wreath of lily of the valley was worn under the long veil and a shower of roses carried. Miss Christina Swan and Miss Rennie Cringan, the two bridesmaids, wore pretty dresses of white organdie de soie, with black picture hats, and carried bouquets of rose color. The groomsmen were Mr. James Wilson of Montreal, Mr. R. O. MacKay and Mr. J. S. Booth were the ushers. After the reception Mr. and Mrs. Smith left for a trip. The bride's going-away gown was a blue Venetian cloth, with hat to match. On their return they will reside at 54 Lansdowne avenue.

Madame Calvo, wife of the Minister from Costa Rica to Washington, with Miss Calvo, and two little sons, are at 142 Bloor street west.

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Everybody in Trouble.

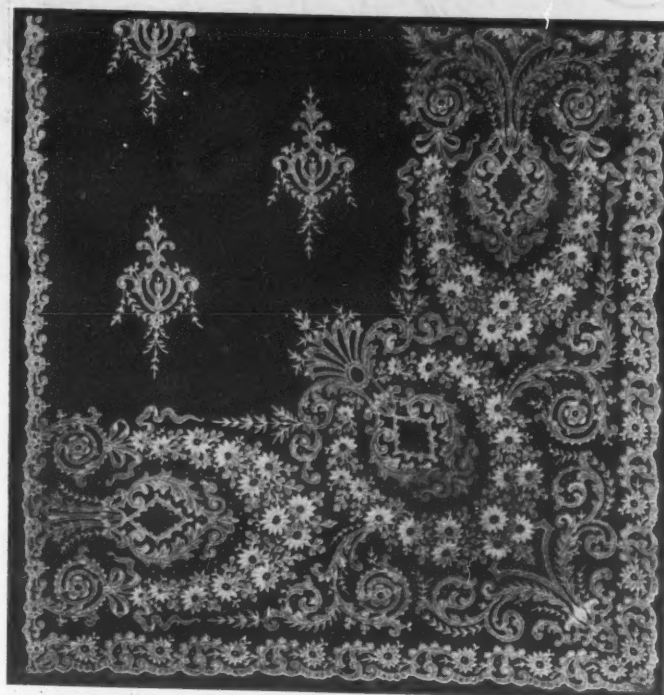
King Edward is taking the rest cure after visiting Emperor William; the Czar's life is worth one bomb; the Empress-Dowager of China is suffering from nervous prostration, caused by the explosion of a magic lantern; the Sultan is threatened with appendicitis; the Shah of Persia has dyspepsia; the King of Greece is dodging Macedonian investives; President Fallieres is trying to rend asunder church and state; the Latin-American rulers are busy putting down revolutions, or preparing for them; the Governor-General of Canada narrowly escaped injury from an exploding light bulb; Sagamore Hill is in the throes of simplified spelling and a naval review. Pity the sorrows of the great.—New York "Evening Post."

Qualifying for an Interview.

Mr. Loeb, President Roosevelt's private secretary, has no sincere remarks a writer in the "Saturday Evening Post." An incident of his varied duties is cited to prove the point.

Although he occupies an important place in the President's official life, he is obliged to serve as the retaining wall which receives the fierce assaults of endless schemes that else would engulf the White House. Mr. Loeb, in consequence, comes in for cop-

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From the choicest, best and greatest aggregation of curtains in the Dominion of Canada, we select one that should appeal, for its beauty and value, to a good many of the pairs of the eyes that look upon it.

The illustration is from a photograph of one corner of an Irish point curtain and is a design that you cannot buy elsewhere at any price.

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ious adverse criticism from many quarters.

Recently a sour-visaged man of considerable importance in a small Western town called on the secretary and hotly demanded an audience.

"It is out of the question," declared Mr. Loeb. "The President has given his time to four men on the subject, and it is exhausted."

"No it ain't!" insisted the visitor irately. "You got a long audience for a second-rate politician last week on the other side—and that was after you refused me!"

"I remember that I did," nodded Mr. Loeb. "But there were extraordinary circumstances." Shaking his fist the visitor rose up. "I know what them circumstances was," he said.

Happy Day.

Happy day! Happy day!
When I kin spel in eny ole wae.
Who-le kall me down fer ow ive gotit?
Sum ol krank, ol ful—dodrotit.

Happy day! Happy day!
When I kin tawk in mi oan way.
Who-le luf an wink an mak a fus?
Who-le wish th would had not th mus?
Letim—fer i shant caire a kus.

Happy day! Happy day!
When I kin trow me "speller" awaie.
Th "writer" tu an gram-er suare!
Fer ain't i got th lingo pure?
No won't kick but sum ol booire.

Happy day! Happy day!
When dad shal no mor skule tacks pay.
No teachers kros mus i obay!
No ours but ours too swim an play.
Happy day, wen i kin lofe mi lif away.
—New York "Sun."

Mr. Flynn's Precaution.

Mrs. Flynn—There you go—Lendin' O'Hagan foive dollars after always sayin' you'd never trust a mon wid black hair and a red mustache.
Mr. Flynn—Tis all right, darlint. Oi made him shave it off before oi handed over the money.—"Life."

Paying a Naturalization Fee.

"It was the oddest way of paying the naturalization fee you ever saw," said the man who runs Uncle Sam's naturalization bureau. "It was at most closing time and I had put the last man, a respectable German, through the regular formula of renouncing the Emperor and swearing allegiance to Uncle Sam and his papers were all ready for him when there came a hitch. The German hadn't brought a penny with him to pay the 60 cent fee, and I as Uncle Sam's representative could not issue the paper for nothing."

"But I have waited all morning and I can't come back to-morrow," ejaculated the man in dismay. "But I tell you, I'm a hairdresser. Now, I'll give you a shampoo that will make all the hair grow out again on your bald spot for my paper." "Of course I couldn't agree to that,"

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Tuesday, 25th Sept.

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particularly as I was sure that I lost nearly all my hair through trying to have the first falling tufts shampooed back in again. But even before I could refuse, mademoiselle, the stenographer, spoke up: Are you a real good hairdresser? Do you do Marcel waving?

"Oh, yes; mademoiselle. If made-moiselle—"

"You'd Marcel my hair if I got your paper?"

"The finest efer."

"All right, then."

"Well he took down her hair right then and there, got to work and in fifteen minutes had done her head beautifully and for only 60 cents, as she kept rapturously informing us. It was the lowest price she'd ever paid, and you can bet she saw that he got his paper."

The possibilities of life diminish as our knowledge grows.—"Life."

Athletics

THE decision of the N. L. U. meeting last Monday, that the tie game between Capitals and Tecumsehs should count as a loss to both teams, has involved the lacrosse schedule in a hopeless muddle. No better wind-up to the season could have been devised than the game formerly scheduled for to-day between Capitals and Tecumsehs, but all dreams of a supreme final contest have been rudely shattered by the selfishness of the Montreal teams. The whole matter looks like a cabal on the part of the Eastern clubs to deprive the Tecumsehs of their chances for the championship. A fitting punishment for their offence would be a few more tie games. That would keep the question of the championship from being decided at all, and deprive the Montrealers of the prize which they have fought so hard—in committee rooms—to gain.

The Canadian National Exhibition is celebrated far and wide as one of the events of the year in Toronto, but there are a great many thousand residents with whom the spring and fall meetings of the Ontario Jockey Club far surpass the Exhibition. They are never in a fever of excitement when the Fair opens its gates. The myriad reports in the daily press of its wonderful attractions, its fat stock show, its art gallery, natural history museum, its exhibits showing the manufactures and natural resources of our Dominion, excite but languid curiosity. People put off visiting the Fair day after day. Now it is too hot, now too cold; sometimes it looks like rain, and sometimes there will be too large a crowd. Any and every pretext is seized on to shirk their plain civic duty—to visit the exhibition which has made our city famous, or which, perhaps, our city has made famous. Many and many a one sidetracks duty altogether and procrastinates till the gates have closed. For then the Fair is like a pearl thrown to swine. All the gorgeous beverages of its restaurant booths, all the vowels and yells of the cat and dog show, the ecstatic visions of the art gallery, the aerobic feats of the grand stand, the risqué delights of the midway, all are as if they had existed not. Such sluggish connoisseurs give the cold shoulder to great sights that might stimulate their intellect or benefit their morals, and are not attracted even by that rarity of rarities, to city-dwellers, the pure, unskimmed milk in the dairy building.

But note how they yearn and long for the first day of race week. They mark the day months before with red on the calendar, and await its approach like a lover waiting his love or a newly-elected member the opening of Parliament. When the great day arrives they do not procrastinate or invent excuses to justify delay. Hot weather or cold, rain or shine, whether stocks fall or synods meet, they rush early to the track and, by their importunity, turn the ticket-seller to a grey image of despair. They squeeze and shove, melt their collars and spoil their clothes, and in short endure a thousand discomforts willingly as long as they can force their way into the betting-ring, or catch a fleeting glimpse of a horse's neck. In fact the race-goer is a creature of a different sphere than that of the fair-goer.

The reason is that Exhibition-going is a duty, performed grudgingly, and race-going a pleasure gratified at any cost. Great as is the Fair, almost greater are the race meetings. The two are public institutions very dissimilar in aims, but greatly favored by the patronage of the public. Year after year the Fair flourishes like the green-bay tree, waxes in stature and piles up a surplus. Even so does the Ontario Jockey Club. Its coffers know not what it is to be empty, its lawns, like the Exhibition lawns, are trampled by thousands of feet with grey shreds of vegetable fibre, its officials are held in honor among the people, and know the sweet pain of newspaper publicity. The race track and the Exhibition have many other characteristics in common—dust, whirl, horror of rainy skies and motion in a circle. At the one the horses go round about the track, at the other the people go round about the horses and other exhibits. Both afford the same field for clever pickpockets, uncivil officials, and officious policemen. Both attract multitudes who wish to see and be seen. Both draw down criticism on the bomb-proof heads of the Street Railway magnates, and prove an El Dorado for cabmen. Yet they have just as many points of divergence as points of similarity.

The Fair to most of us is a place where we spend our savings; the race track, the magic crucible in which we hope to turn our coppers to gold. In this respect, however, it is generally merely in motives that the race-goer and fair-goer differ; as a rule there is in both cases the same lamentable ending in pecuniary loss. The Fair has the almost unqualified approval—almost is better than a complete negative, impossible expectancy negat, the impossible should not be hoped for—of clerical associations and the

Lord's Day Alliance. The race track is the same gentleman's pet abhorrence. The Fair is the delight of childhood, an Arabian Night's entertainment for children, but there is no children's days during race week. Here is a difference which indicates the great gulf between the two. The one is the great public festival, where old and young gather in family groups to taste together the innocent delights of sight-seeing; the other furnishes strong food for men, great stimulants for jaded appetites, but poor nourishment for babes and sucklings.

This is the significance of the betting ring, that brief epitome of the stock speculating and land speculating mania that stalks like a roaring lion through all our commerce and trade. Its excitement is not the gentle excitement aroused by the sight of pleasant pictures and ingenious inventions. It is that strong uplift of feeling occasioned by danger and risk to what is almost more than life. This is what gives racing its charm to the thousands who visit the track.

Anyone who has an intimate acquaintance with the Woodbine meets and the motives and enthusiasm of the race-goers will, I think, agree with me that the Exhibition and the Ontario Jockey Club are the two great public institutions in the city from the showman's standpoint, that is from their capability to attract and interest large crowds. Placed as they are at the extreme end of the city, they enclose between them the very heart and kernel of our civic life. In themselves they express certain extreme tendencies in public morals and public virtues, and represent in some form or other almost all varieties of public amusements and pastimes.

This fall racegoers have reiterated the complaint against the bookmakers that was so general last spring, namely, the shortness of their prices on horses of any "class." On the majority of the horses which have been strongly favored by the public the prices have been practically prohibitive. The bookmaker's policy is to eliminate as much as possible the public's chances of winning, and to increase the percentage in his own favor. To the majority of racegoers racing speculation is nothing but a matter of amusement—a blind and capricious manner of wooing the capricious goddess fortune. Few approach the bookmaker with even the first rudiments of a business method, while the bookmaker is as systematic and as business-like as any great commercial house. At the outset there is 20 per cent more in his favor than in favor of the taker of odds. It has been proven by years of experience that even the most expert judges of racing, commonly known as handicappers, cannot select more than forty per cent of winners. The sixty per cent of winners therefore turn out to the profit of the bookmakers. This is the difference between the layer of odds and the taker of odds, even if the latter understands the actual business surroundings of the ring as well as the expert bookmaker. A further advantage in the favor of the bookmaker is that he can "hedge" by backing the horse to win, whilst the better cannot very well lay against the horse which he has played to win. In addition to this the bookmaker has many scientific adjustments of prices to influence the selections of the public. A writer in the "Outlook" describes modern bookmaking methods as follows:

"The modern scientific bookmaker no longer works along the time-honored methods. In the old days it was simply a question of framing a scientific scale of prices, on percentage, for a given race, taking in so much money overnight, so much more later at the course, and endeavoring to get certain specified amounts bet on each horse in the book. Where this could be accomplished to the full, the book was termed 'round,' and the bookmaker stood to win something, little or much, no matter what horse won. With the wiping-out of poolrooms, overnight betting, etc., the possible speculative time on each race was reduced to about fifteen minutes at the track, ostensibly and officially one half hour. Then commences a really wonderful piece of work, for which no adequate name suggests itself. It is thought transference, electro-biology, half a dozen such things, welded into one bewildering mental influence which can be only faintly outlined, but which, in its full effect, is responsible for nine-tenths of the havoc the bookmaker of to-day works upon the betting public."

The aim of the bookmaker is to confuse the public mind by noise, hurry, excitement and wild rumors, and so create false judgments. The public is, as it were, stampeded into betting as the bookmaker desires. In every large betting ring there is always such a stampede. A few individuals may remain cool and collected, but the majority rush from book to book, fed on chance whispers, influenced by wild "tips," basing their opinion of the horses in the race on the figures which the bookmaker marks on his slate. With his magic

wand of chalk, the bookmaker guides the wavering decisions of the doubtful, hesitating crowd before him. One would expect that the betting would influence the prices. What is called "wise money," the bets of owners and of racing experts does to some extent, but as a rule the prices determine the betting. The public is in leading strings, and the bookmaker shepherds the flock for his own advantage.

It is interesting to note the way in which the bookmaker stampedes the public. The crowd swarms into the enclosure, jostling and tumbling over one another in their eagerness to hear the opening prices. All around in a dignified silence, like senators on their curule chairs, sit the bookmakers. Several minutes elapse before one of the sphynxes relaxes, and chalks up a price. Meanwhile the expectant crowd fumes and frets itself into a state of nervous irritation, a sort of uneasiness which a few heavy bets, a few whispered tips or startling oscillations of the prices, like a spark in a lumber yard will set ablaze in a raging panic. As the prices are chalked up the suppressed excitement of the ring passes into open agitation, by reason of the cross mental currents which toss individuals hither and thither from book to book. The impulses of a great crowd are possessed of a certain hypnotic suggestion, and by the impelling force of thought transference carry away even the most conservative and phlegmatic. The ring becomes a seething vortex, which travels and reasons in a circle.

The bookmaker has many methods of augmenting the swivel, and thereby destroying the mental balance of the public. First there is the clever delay in the announcement of the prices, then the constant rush of messengers with commissions and then intermittent and startling variations of prices in individual books. Few men can see a price fall suddenly from 100 to 5 to 1 without being carried away by such an avalanche. On all the books throughout the ring the prices oscillate with astounding rapidity, in a seemingly capricious and haphazard way. It is like the discordant jangling of a thousand bells out of tune and rhythm; the upshot is that the better becomes bewildered, and takes the good thing the bookmaker has provided. The average man will not play a horse which has fallen back in the betting, but will bet wildly when the price is being rapidly shortened. This fact the bookmaker makes consistent use of.

Summing up, one may say it is the business policy of the bookmaker to create false favorites, to induce the public to bet on horses which have not reasonable expectation of winning. Obviously when there is a heavy play on a legitimate favorite, it is to his interest to shorten the odds, to check speculation in that direction and lessen his possible losses; further, by varying prices to induce speculation in other directions. The reason why he succeeds is because he consistently follows a certain line of effort which gives reasonable promise of success. Consistency and continuity of effort will always prevail against divided aims and shifting policies. Vacillation and lack of di-



Scene—Railway Refreshment Room. Thermometer 90 degrees in the shade. Waiter (to traveller, taking tea)—Beg pardon, sir, I shouldn't recommend that milk, sir; leastways not for drinking purposes. —"Punch."



FOR DIVERS REASONS SMOKE Yildiz Magnums PURE EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES.

rection are serious clogs to business success, whether in racing speculation or in commercial enterprise. The betting public are mere dilettante, elegant dabblers; the bookmaker is the scholar who has studied his subject with scientific precision. The dilettante, however, often gets more pleasure out of life than the hard-working, grubbing scholar. There is a joy in mere trifling which is not felt by the hard-headed man of affairs. The happy-hearted, light-headed public goes out to the track, bets its money and loses, but gets infinite pleasure out of the operation. It is desire for pleasure and amusement, I think, not sordid greed of gain, that attracts crowds to the betting ring. Judged from a business point of view, the game is greatly in favor of the bookmaker, but from a hedonistic or aesthetic point of view, the public gets more out of it.

There is one form of athletics—if one can dignify it by that term—which belongs exclusively to the summer months, from July to September. It begins with the summer exodus of city-dwellers and ends when the first harsh winds of September drive the urban flock from summer cottages and canvas tents back to the shelter of substantial brick houses, with all modern improvements. I refer to the summer resort regatta. It is just about as athletic as Halloween parlor games, but somehow or other it slips into the sporting column under the head of athletics. The exploits of Master So-and-So of the age of six or seven, who has won the boys' swimming race, the wonderful endurance of little Miss Golden Locks, who has won the ladies' canoe singles, are recounted side by side with the story of the Henley regatta, or Mr. Holbein's attempt to swim the Channel. By thus frequently associating with great events and mighty men of prowess, the summer resort regatta has succeeded in gaining a bowing acquaintance with athletics. To be sure it often assumes great

airs on the strength of this slight acquaintance, and goes about boasting and blustering until it occasionally passes for the real thing with people who think that a distance of one hundred yards is a remarkable swim. One may despise the summer regatta, but there is no denying the fact that it is a highly popular institution, and carries the torch of pure and applied athletics into regions where football and lacrosse are unknown quantities. No place is too remote, too wild and desolate for a summer regatta. Given a pond ten yards in diameter, four summer boarders and a lady to present the prizes, and you have a summer regatta. Immediately one is held, the outside world, by postal or by telegraph service, is at once acquainted with the mighty news, and quiet people on hot verandahs, in crowded cities, are thrilled with the tale of how staunchly Messrs. Jones and Robinson rowed, what an admirable clerk of the course was Mr. Blinkinson, and what an excellent judge was lawyer Briefless, a very Daniel come to judgment, and, last, but not least, what a pretty picture Mrs. Fashionable made when congratulating the winners. Of course, the longer and more barbarous the name of the place the better. The very struggle to pronounce the name has in it a tinge of athletics. Furthermore, even this diminutive kind of aquatic produces heroes. The young fellow who is victor in the sculling match is every inch an athlete in the eyes of the young and feminine on-lookers. What is more surprising is that he really believes it himself. As a matter of fact a man performing any feat of strength before an exclusively feminine audience, even if it be only rolling a barrel or driving a tent peg, is always considered an athlete, a Hercules in homespun, a Samson in duck trousers. "How strong Mr. Narrow Shoulders is," the ladies exclaim if he can lift a wicker basket six inches from the floor. There is no doubt about it, summer regattas breed athletes, but the standard is not a very high one. Among pigmies an overgrown boy is a giant, and at summer resorts every male is an athlete. After all, what does it matter? Why begrudge them their easily won laurels? The summer regatta is a worthy institution, and even if it doesn't establish records, it provides unlimited fun and amusement.

The fall is supposed to be devoted exclusively to football, but there are hundreds of golfers who regard this as a popular superstition. They prove it, too, by the persistence with which they pursue their noble game until the first snow of December drives them from the links. On fall afternoons, while other people are shivering in comfortless apartments or tinkering with the furnace, the golfers are out in rain or sunshine, trudging over the brown turf and driving from tee to tee. In fact they declare that the fall is the best time for golf. The great summer tournaments are over, but club matches are still on, even when these cease there is still the joy of defeating your best friend or of breaking your own record. In many of the local clubs the fall programme contains some of the most interesting fixtures of the year. The High Park Golf Club has arranged an attractive series of Saturday competitions for the next few weeks. Last Saturday there was a contest for the "Kammerer Cup," for gentlemen novices. The subsequent fixtures are as follows:

Saturday, September 22.—Mixed foursome. Open to all members. Eighteen holes, medal play. Aggregate handicaps counts. The Hon. President, Ladies' section, presents two prizes for this event. Choose partners.

Saturday, September 29.—Ladies' Handicap. Open to all lady members. Eighteen holes, medal play. Medal by the president. Gentlemen members' caddies. Evening, club dance.

Saturday, October 6.—Club Championship. Annual event. Open to all

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Three Sessions Daily.
Band Afternoon and Evening.
SELECT PATRONAGE ONLY
Contest Tuesday, P.M. Sept. 18th.
—Ladies Skating in Couples.
PRIZE—SEASON TICKETS

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Rink cooled by electricity
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OLD ORCHARD ROLLER RINK

Dovercourt and Harrison Sts.
Take College or Dundas Cars to
Dovercourt Road.

CONTESTS—Friday Evenings
Sept. 21, Ladies alone.
PRIZE SEASON TICKET.

members. Eighteen holes, match play. "Foster" medal.

Ladies' Championship. Open to all lady members. Eighteen holes, medal play. Medal by the president. Evening, club dance.

Saturday, October 13.—Driving, approaching and putting competition. Open to all members. One medal for each event, presented by the club.

Club luncheon and presentation of medals, 5 to 7 p.m. Dancing, 8 to 11 p.m.

Rules.—All entries must be made to the honorary secretary-treasurer, H. L. Rous, 75 York street, and all entries close the day before the event for which entry is made.

Local club rules govern as to hazards.

All events must be played on the day they are set for, between the hours of 8 a.m. and 7 p.m., rain or shine.

Handicaps will only be determined from cards handed in of nine or more holes actually played this year. Members who do not appear on the handicap list and have not handed in score cards up to the time they require to make entry for an event, will not be eligible to play.

The 1906 "Canadian Rugby Guide" will be ready for distribution this week. Every Rugby player and follower should have a copy of this booklet, as it contains the complete history, rules and regulations of all the Rugby Unions in Canada, and contains photographs of all the leading teams and officials, as well as instructions and advice to players. Copies may be had of the publishers, Messrs. Harry H. Love & Co., athletic outfitters, 189 Yonge street, at 10 cents per copy.

The Old Orchard Roller Rink opened to the public on Saturday evening last with a record crowd, and expressions of satisfaction, referring to the fine floor and general equipment were heard on every side. The management have decided to hold a weekly competition every Friday night, that for this week being for ladies only, for a prize—a season ticket.

The Coming of Uncle Bob

BY DANAE MAY.

MISS MITTEN was the boarding-house gossip. She sat in the drawing-room window of "The Elms," at Shanklin, taking particular note of the actions of two people who walked side by side in the garden; a square-set, middle-aged, florid-looking man, dressed in a curiously brilliant choice of garments, and wearing an unnecessary amount of jewellery, and a fair, slim girl, who did not appear responsive. Miss Mitten, unfortunately, could not hear what the interesting couple were saying, but she informed two more ladies, who sat further in the room, of all she saw, and added particular embellishments of her own.

"He tried to take her hand just now; she looked quite angry; if she does not want him she should not let him walk with her." Here Miss Mitten shook her head disapprovingly. "But girls are not as they used to be in my time; there is no knowing what is in their minds; they put on such airs nowadays." She was silent for a minute, and then went on—

"Now they are turning back again. She has not refused him finally, then? Oh, no! He looks as earnest as ever. Poor fellow! But what a disparity of age!" She glanced across the room, where she saw a reflection of herself, which looked by no means so passer as some women she knew who were her own age. She sighed to think how foolish men will always pursue giddy youth, even when—

"She shook her curls and glanced again at the reflection, and then turned to continue her outdoor observations. Meanwhile, in the garden, the girl and the man had turned to walk round it again. They were walking side by side, and the girl was nervously arranging and re-arranging a small nosegay of roses, which she had apparently just picked. Her pretty, fair face was flushed, and wore an indignant look as she turned it suddenly towards her importunate suitor.

"It is not merely of you to pursue and persecute me as you do, sir," she said. She could never bring herself to master his name, she called him a dreadful mouthful, so she called him "sir." "I have only known you a week, and have already refused you twice."

The man smiled good-naturedly. There was a very obvious vacillation about this young lady's method of refusing him which lured him on in spite of her discouraging words.

"But, my dear," he said—he called her "my dear" because he was old enough to be her father—"but, my dear, I could give you so much that you need; and I have not seen and admired your care of that delicate little sister of yours for so long without knowing what a relief it would be to you both to have more money. My word! But she wants it though."

His Colonial rough-and-ready manner and forms of speech grated on Geraldine; but, nevertheless he had touched her weak point. He saw her tremble and flush again, and she answered him weakly—

"Yes, there is dear little Dorothea—poor little Dorothea—who wants so many things. But," she continued with a guilty start, as if suddenly recollecting herself, "but there is me too! And I could not—I do not even like you; I think I dislike you."

Mr. Vavasour Plantagenet's jolly round face became clouded, and he sighed as he glanced round the garden where they walked, as if he were looking for further argument to come to his aid. He was clearly infatuated, and would rather marry this girl who owned to disliking him than let her go.

"Couldn't you do it for little Dorothea's sake?" he said gently. "She should have all she wanted, and then, perhaps, later, when you saw I was good to her, you might care for me a little for her sake. Couldn't you my dear?"

Geraldine began nervously to pull off the petals of a rose; she did not answer, but he saw her lips were trembling; he pressed his point—

"I think you will," he said, taking her hand in his; "I think you will, for Dorothea's sake!"

All Geraldine said was a weak little "But—" which had no meaning in it at all, and then tears came and she could say no more. But his point was gained, and a moment after Miss Mitten, at the drawing-room window, cried out with excitement: "It's done! It's done! She has let him take her arm. But, dear, dear, she looks very miserable, poor thing; and of course the disparity of age is very shocking; and now he looks as if he would kiss her—here she jumped up in her eagerness—but no; she has drawn back, and won't hear of it. Now they are coming in." She sank down again in her chair, to shake her curls and soliloquize. "It was for the money, beyond a doubt. She has scarcely known him for a week. Dear, dear!" And as nobody seemed inclined to contradict her, or to assist in her conjectures, she commenced a tirade against the mercenary spirit of the age, the unreasonable expectations of young women anticipating matrimony. But a sudden interruption coming upon her, in the person of the young lady in question herself, she was struck into a constrained silence.

As Geraldine Court entered the room with her younger sister Dorothea she became painfully conscious

that she was the object of a curious and quizzical scrutiny. Try as she would to ignore this fact, it was thrust upon her notice by the unusual attentions which were officiously proffered; for little Dorothea was an invalid, and nothing would do but that Miss Mitten must herself arrange the cushions for her on this all-important day; and while she did it she did not fail to throw many meaning glances at poor Geraldine, who tried to look unconscious, but failed deplorably. It made little Dorothea feel quite hysterical.

"Jill," she whispered, with a small giggle, "let's go away again; they are all going to ask you questions."

But it was too late. Miss Mitten, unable to restrain herself, had already sidled up to Geraldine.

"So I think we have to congratulate you, my dear," she said aloud, with a smile that besought confidence.

"Thank you," answered Geraldine briefly, facing her interviewer with a countenance expressive of nothing.

"Charming man, Mr. Vavasour Plantagenet," continued Miss Mitten, with execrable taste, and trying to look roguish.

"Naturally," replied Geraldine, more laconically than before, after which Miss Mitten was obliged reluctantly to desist from further investigation, which she did with ill-concealed disappointment. When they went to bed, two hours later, little Dorothea was in tears.

"Oh, Jill!" she said, as they both undressed, would it not be better to keep very poor than to marry anyone you don't love? But you have to work so hard, don't you, poor Jill? Oh, dear! Oh, dear! But his name is so ridiculous."

"Hush, dear," said Geraldine, whose voice trembled a little from various emotions; "you know he is very kind, and I shall be able to do so much for you—and for—"

"And for poor Tommy. Oh! what will he say, Jill?"

"Yes, and for poor Tommy," answered Geraldine, ignoring the question as to what he would say. And then they both became silent, and Geraldine tried not to let her mind dwell on "poor Tommy," who loved her, but who was always in the middle of some ridiculous and impossible great work, and so likely to remain always poor; and she tried besides not to dwell too particularly on Mr. Vavasour Plantagenet, who made her shudder, and whom she had promised to marry, that she might the better be able to take care of little Dorothea, and of that poor Tommy, whom she must not think of any more.

II.

Tommy was the peculiar care of Geraldine and little Dorothea. He was a genius, and so did not altogether answer in his own family. His father and brothers put him down for a poor fool, and did not hesitate to let him know it. His mother, of whom he was an intensified reproduction, adored him; but mothers do this irrespective of deserts. Had he had sisters they would probably have adored him, too; but having none, he turned instinctively for sympathy to two girls, who were very ready to give it, and who did not stint when Tommy was concerned—Geraldine and Dorothea Court.

His intimate friendship with these two had unconsciously ripened into a kind of tacit understanding that their relations were to be yet nearer in the indefinite future. But Tommy did not speak; indeed, he was so poor that he could not; it was necessary first for him to finish his great picture, which was to be his fortune; it represented the triumph of Xerxes over the Spartans at Thermopylae.

The only hindrance to the accomplishment of this great work was that he was, unhappily, an author besides, and he was evolving an elaborate work on metaphysics. Between these two giant labors he oscillated, accomplishing nothing. Pot-boilers in either kind he would scorn. Tommy had never been known to do anything small in his life, for was he not a genius?

Geraldine and Dorothea knew this, and they loved Tommy; and little Dorothea was for poor Tommy and Jill to marry on nothing and repent at leisure.

The Courts had been left without parents when Geraldine was only twenty-three, and for two years the elder sister had bravely supplemented their slender income by working hard with a typewriter; but it was uphill work, and when she had taken her delicate little sister for a necessary change to Shanklin, and had there met with the wealthy, though somewhat rough, Australian, who had immediately proposed to her, poor Geraldine, blinded by the comforting prospect of no more pinching or suffering for those she loved, had yielded, only to repent the moment after.

But her lover had been an attentive one, and had done the very utmost in his own rough way to ingratiate himself with his future wife; he had loaded her and little Dorothea with presents, and had been truly grieved when Geraldine, at the end of another week, had declared her intention of going home again, to realize that he had made no progress whatever in her affections.

When she left him he wrote her letters—cumbrous, curious composi-

tions, which, however, deserved kinder replies than they elicited. Very shortly after this correspondence began Geraldine observed a marked change in the style of his letters; he suddenly began to address her in a remarkably jocular manner, telling her of a wonderful talisman he had discovered, which would be infallible in procuring him her love; he was coming to visit her shortly, and bringing the spell with him; he fixed a somewhat distant day; he appeared to be chuckling over a grand joke. But Geraldine and little Dorothea thought him a very vulgar man, and little Dorothea let Tommy know that she had no esteem for Mr. Vavasour Plantagenet whatever, which information seemed to comfort Tommy.

One evening, after they had returned home, Geraldine was, as usual, typing, while little Dorothea sat by the window, looking out idly. Tommy had come in to recreate himself, and was in high spirits. At first, when he had heard of Geraldine's engagement, he had seemed crushed, but now he appeared to regard it as an amusing fact, which made Geraldine's heart sore. Little Dorothea, who understood most things very well, saw that this sprang from a saving necessity of Tommy's nature; if he did not swallow life as a joke, life would swallow him as a victim; and she forgave him; she knew, too, that Tommy always laughed when he felt most.

"Here's the telegraph boy again, Jill. What a funny man Uncle Bob is." Uncle Bob was a recently discovered relative, who had just arrived from abroad, and, by a series of telegrams, had come to a definite arrangement of visiting his nieces.

"A man who telegraphs so much, and who changes his plans so often, is an uncomfortable visitor to prepare for," said Geraldine, as she opened the telegram, and then—"There! Now he has postponed it another day, and that is the third time. How vexing!"

"Besides," struck in Dorothea, "he will be coming the same day as—"

She looked at Tommy with a world of woe in her eyes, and the color rushed into her sister's face.

"Mr. X. Vavasour Plantagenet?" inquired Tommy eagerly, and then continued in a tone of dramatic entreaty—

"Oh! ask me, too, Jill. I could make conversation for the one you felt the least disposed to talk to."

"Well, if you would come, Tommy, and wouldn't be silly—" began Geraldine hesitatingly.

"Silly! My dear girl, am I not writing a book on metaphysics?"

"Yes, Tommy, I know, but you can be silly, too, for all that, or you would be too dreadful. Of course I want you to see to know—him—then—these people—you know."

"Naturally, my child, naturally," said Tommy, affecting a pompously paternal air, while he felt that creation was henceforth for him a void; "and all our talk shall be of kangaroos, with, perhaps, occasional allusions to the ornithorhynchus, improving subjects both familiar to the Australian and far from silly."

"It will be a very trying day," Geraldine remarked thoughtfully. She was not listening to Tommy.

"I wonder who will come first," said little Dorothea.

"I shall be the first; X. V. P. the next, beyond all doubt," said Tommy the disrespectful; "Uncle Bob will probably only send another telegram."

III.

The eventful day had arrived. Tommy had just come in, in his capacity of master of the ceremonies, and was holding a serious conversation with little Dorothea, while Geraldine was very busy about the house, for Uncle Bob, in one of his numerous telegrams, had asked to be put up for the night.

"He said he should 'lose the track,' if he left us again after 'sundown,'" said Dorothea. "He talks as if he expected to find us living in a kind of wild bush land."

"And when do you suppose Geraldine is going to marry this other Colonial chap?" asked Tommy, with gloomy abstraction.

"I wish she would give him up. We both think he is gone off his head. He has got so absurdly cheerful, Tommy."

"Yes, that is one sign of lunacy, I believe," said Tommy, in still more funeral tones.

"I don't mean that, silly; but you should see his letters. There is nothing private in Jill's love letters, you know; you might read any of them. I wonder she has not shown them to you; we have been quite uneasy over them."

"Withheld, doubtless, by delicate scruples," said Tommy, at which little

Dorothea sighed, for she knew it was so.

"Well, Jill and I," she continued solemnly, "are going to—and you must, too, Tommy—really study Mr. Vavasour Plantagenet's demeanor" (little Dorothea liked long words) "to-night, and if we detect the slightest signs of—"

"Of raving madness?" suggested Tommy.

"No, nothing so bad as that, but of wandering—"

"In fact, of mental aberration."

"Yes, of mental aberration. If we detect the slightest sign of it, Jill is going to break it off at once."

"What? The mental aberration?"

"No, of course not, the engagement."

"Well done, Jill! But what, do you take it, are the signs of mental aberration?"

"I don't quite know," said little Dorothea thoughtfully, "but I expect we should easily recognize them when we saw them."

"For instance, an undue and grotesque merriment evinced at an untoward season."

"Yes, I should think that would be one, shouldn't you?"

"Undoubtedly. Or a profound melancholy displayed in the presence of his betrothed."

"Oh, yes, that would be very curious, too."

"Again, if he should begin to decline German nouns between the soup and fish."

"We are not going to have any soup, but that would certainly be a sign," exclaimed Dorothea.

"Or, with unconcealed passion, snatch a kiss from Jill across the dining-table."

"The table would be too wide for that. But don't make fun of it, Tommy, for it's really very serious; and I can hear Jill coming."

Geraldine burst into the room. She looked flushed and excited.

"He's coming down the road," she said breathlessly. "Oh! Tommy, he's coming; and—and—Dorothea, he's laughing to himself."

"Undue and grotesque merriment," said Tommy sententially, casting a

look of sombre meaning at Dorothea. "Which one, Jill, dear?" said little Dorothea.

"Why, Mr. Vavasour Plantagenet. He is walking quite slowly, and laughing, and wearing the most dreadful coat I have ever seen."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said little Dorothea, shaking her head sympathetically; and then there was a ring at the bell, and they all heard someone distinctly telling the maidservant that she was to announce him as "Your Uncle Bob, miss," which she did with a giggle.

But it was Mr. Vavasour Plantagenet who stood in the doorway—square, rubicund, jolly, and curiously clad. He beamed upon everybody, and they all stared at him.

Then Geraldine stood up, and the man advanced and took her hand.

"Well, my dear," he said, "I am your Uncle Bob."

Little Dorothea had bounded forward.

"But you were Mr. Vavasour Plantagenet!" she cried, jumping round him with a bursting curiosity.

"I do not understand," said poor Geraldine in confusion.

"Well, and I did not understand myself that I was your uncle, my dear, when I made an ass of myself at Shanklin, and thought an old, rough fellow like me could win the love of a sweet little girl; but when I discovered that you were the nieces I was coming to look for, my disappointment was at an end, for I thought that as your rough old uncle you would perhaps bear with me, and forgive the mistake I had made."

Little Dorothea clasped her hands. "Oh! I'm glad," she cried. "Uncle Bob, I'm glad, because we both liked you all the time; it was only that you were too funny for Jill to marry."

They were a merry party that evening, for it seemed that an Uncle Bob had been called into existence just as Geraldine and her little sister stood most in need of such a kindly personage. As for Tommy, from the moment that Mr. Vavasour Plantagenet proved himself to be a nonentity, the light of a dawning happiness, which had not been there before, stole into his face; and it was a strange



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fact, which little Dorothea did not fail to perceive, that the face of Geraldine seemed to reflect the glow.

Little Dorothea had always been able to put two and two together.

Belligerent Bricks.

Two Irishmen, Pat and Mike, stood looking at bricklayers who were working on a building that was being erected, when the following conversation was overheard:

Mike—Say, Pat, kin yez tell me what kapes the bricks together?

Pat—Sure, Mike; it's the mortar. Mike—Not by a blame sight; that kapes thim apart—"Judge's Magazine."

WELL PEOPLE TOO

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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Points About People.

On Tuesday evening Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., was given a banquet in the National Club, Toronto, by the local branch of the United Empire League.



SIR HOWARD VINCENT, M.P.

is one of the foremost uniters in the whole Empire, and is pretty nearly as well known in Toronto as if he lived here. Every two or three years he makes a journey through Canada, and when a Canadian goes to London he usually carries a letter of introduction to this Englishman so well known for his interest in Canada and Canadians. "You have," he told a newspaper reporter, "made great progress since my first visit in 1884. You then had a foreign trade of less than \$200,000,000 per year; now it is over \$500,000,000 per year. In the last twelve months one hundred thousand people from Great Britain have settled in Canada." The visitor attributes a great deal of the present British good-will towards Canada to the preference granted to British goods without exacting anything in return.

One day last spring, when the races were in full swing at the Woodbine track in Toronto, an old lady from beyond Richmond Hill, who was driving along Yonge street into the city, was worried by the automobiles that passed her heedlessly by, notwithstanding the fact that her horse had backed into the fence. At last a very large automobile came along with a gay party, one of whom told the chauffeur to stop, which he did. The man who gave the order then jumped out and enquired what was the matter. With tears the old woman told him how the other automobilists had acted, and she declared they were "no gentlemen." This man backed out the old horse and buggy and helped her in, and she asked him his name. He made inaudible reply, but she thought she caught the word "Grey," and holding out her hand, she said: "Whether your name's White, Brown, or Grey, you're a real gentleman." He shook hands heartily, and she did not know until some weeks later that the "real gentleman" was His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada.

The simplicity of some people in Manitoulin Island is quite equal to that of the Parry Sound man who talked to T. Eaton and knew it was because he had his name in brass letters on his cap. A Manitoulin woman in giving an introduction—if we may call it that—said: "This is my man, but as you live in Toronto you must have seen him lots of times." The Toronto lady said she had never met him. "Why, that's queer," said the Manitoulin woman, "he was a whole week in Toronto the time he got his glass eye, and it's queer you never seen him at the Exhibition."

A week or two ago a street-corner medicine vendor arrived in a small town not far from Toronto, and proceeded to sell large quantities of a decoction guaranteed to cure each and every ill that the human organism is heir to. In doing business with the populace he referred to the medical profession and its members in the fine language of satire so readily at the command of gentlemen of his class. On the second day of his visit, however, the cure-all man was taken ill, and, being in considerable pain, he speedily hunted up one of the two doctors in the place, both of whom had heard of his remarks and resented them. The first physician told him to go to Jericho and take his own medicine, and bowed him out with a sardonic grin. The other—for the street-corner doctor visited both, being pretty sick—was on the point of doing the same, when an idea struck him. So he took the man in and gave him some medicine without charge. Then he went down to the local newspaper office and told the editor the story.

"That will make a pretty good item for you, won't it?" said he. Now the question arises—and it is a delicate one for the Ontario Medical Council to decide: Which of the three should be judged most guilty of "infamous and disgraceful conduct"—the fake "doctor" who did up the populace, the hasty doctor who refused relief to an erring brother, or the shrewd doctor who took advantage of the cure-all man's misfortune to obtain an effective advertisement?

An anecdote has been told in these columns relative to the frequency with which public speakers duplicate each other's stories. One of the most unique occurrences of this kind took place at a Conservative convention in Toronto, in September, 1902. The general elections had taken place in the previous May, resulting in the return of a large number of new members who were unacquainted with each other. To make them known, the chairman, Mr. Foy, called on the newcomers, one after the other, to make speeches, it being arranged that Mr. Whitney should at the last address his followers. One of the gentlemen called on was Mr. Joseph P. Downey, M.P.P., who made a rattling little speech and told the story of the Irishman who, after being kicked down stairs, remarked, "I was coming down, anyway." Mr. Whitney had been sitting, apparently all attention, and when he rose to speak, after thanking the delegates, he praised the various members for the fight they had made, and especially alluded to the service rendered by Mr. Downey. "I am not a good story teller," he said, "but I cannot refrain from repeating a little story that Mr. Downey told at one of our meetings in Wellington." Then, to the blank amazement of everyone, he repeated the historic tale Mr. Downey had told a few minutes before. It was obvious that he had been absorbed in what he himself was going to say during the previous speeches, but he did not lack for a round of laughter once the audience was seized of the situation.

The late Henry Carscallen, M.P.P., enjoyed the distinction for several years of being the best-dressed man in the Ontario Legislature. His immaculate silk tie resting in front of him on his desk on occasions when he rose to make a really important speech, somehow added to the general picturesqueness of his personality. He was almost invariably the man whom the visitor from the United States or England first asked about on seeing the Legislature in session for the first time. For occasions when a long tussle was expected in committee over some measure, "Cass," as he was affectionately known, had a "fighting hat." It was a black slouch affair, with a wide brim, and when the member for East Hamilton settled down in his chair with it pulled over his eyes, the old Government always looked for trouble. It is not generally known how much Mr. Carscallen had to do with framing the policy of curtailing railway subsidies and opposing pulp concessions on which the Conservatives in Opposition made so strong a stand. He had his fighting to do in the caucus of his own party as well as in the House. He was responsible in a large degree for the famous all night session of 1899, when large subsidies and concessions were voted. By forcing division after division on the House, he made every member place himself on record, and kept the House in session for hours. As each resolution was read the member for East Hamilton would spring to his feet, demand full particulars, and then move a negative motion. Nor would he rest satisfied with a mere formal record of the vote. Time after time he made the demand, "Call in the members," and every legislator had to stand up and declare himself. This continued from 11 p.m. until eight the next morning, and toward three o'clock all decorum ceased, except with the imperturbable member for East Hamilton. At one call for a division the late Mr. Hardy, then Premier, gave a splendid imitation of a bugle call, and back benches deluged the speaker with blue books, but "Cass" refused to be laughed out of his purpose, and when the wearied members trod forth in the glad sunlight of the March morning, despite the fact that he had been almost continuously on his feet, he was the freshest man of the lot.

A small boy who was at the Exhibition two weeks ago had probably never heard that a man had once described Apollinaris water as "the drink that tastes like your foot asleep." But he indulged in a phrase almost as realistic when he urged his mother to buy him a drink of which he had forgotten the name. "But what does it taste like, Tommie?" He looked thoughtfully, and then recalled certain summer experiences. "It's got a dark brown color, and it tastes like prickly heat," he replied triumphantly. Five minutes later he was made happy by a glass of ginger ale and a bag of peanuts.

The retiring president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, Mr. C. C. Ballantyne of Montreal, is one of a group of men in the full vigor of life who have done much to make our "captains of industry" influential in the country and with Governments. Formerly the manufacturers bothered little with popular opinion, but of late years they have taken great pains to place their views before the whole country. Mr. Ballantyne made a strong speech at Winnipeg, in the course of which he expressed satisfaction because the fiscal question "is no longer a matter of party controversy in Canada." In actual fact, that is about true. One political party believes in Protection; both practice it. The manufacturers have money; they have a strong organization; they have men of ability—it is not surprising that each year they acquire an increased influence over the public mind.

In these days of prosperity and growing culture, young Canadians "accept positions," and not infrequently ungraciously vacate them if the duties involved prove incompatible with dignity and leisure. In the rude old days when Lord Strathcona was merely young Donald Smith, it was common for boys in this country to seek situations, even jobs, and make every effort to hold them, even to the extent of patiently undergoing much personal hardship. In the case of Donald Smith, as in many others, this old-fashioned patience and tenacity proved a straight, if rugged, road to success. The story is told that when he was serving his Labrador apprenticeship with the Hudson's Bay Company he became afflicted with painful eye trouble. Finally, he concluded that he must



THE ODDFELLOWS' PARADE—COUNTERMARCHING UP SPADINA AVENUE, AND TURNING EAST ON COLLEGE STREET.

obtain relief. He was many miles from civilization, and to have procured official permission to leave his post would have entailed months of weary waiting. So, without leave, he made the arduous trip to Montreal to consult an oculist. On his arrival he was met by Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Company, who had heard of his proposed trip through some inspector of outposts. "Well, my young man, what are you doing here?" demanded the Governor. "My eyes got very bad," replied Smith, pointing to his goggles, "and I have come to see a doctor." "Who gave you permission to leave your post?" roared Sir George. The future High Commissioner could only answer, "No one, sir." "Well, then," replied the fur-trade autocrat, "unless you care more for your eyes than for your service with the company, you had better go back this instant." Young Donald Smith was stunned, but did not hesitate. He turned and started back over a waste of nearly a thousand weary miles to his lonely, monotonous work. But Governor Simpson in time discovered the qualities in this young, rugged Scotchman, and promoted him; and after Simpson's death and the retirement of his successor, Governor Dallas, Mr. Smith was chosen as the chief executive officer of the Company in North America.

Another good story relating to Lord Strathcona and his remarkable career is vouched for by Mr. Beckles Willson. Years ago it was not uncommon for employees of the Hudson's Bay Company to marry Eskimo women, and Mr. Smith was sometimes called upon to perform the marriage ceremony. As a sequel to one of these weddings, it is related that recently an old woman of average Eskimo intelligence, living at one of the company's distant stations, when informed that young "boss" Smith had grown rich and "wore a gold crown on his head," exclaimed with gusto: "Well, well! Me remembers the day he married me and Isaac Diskyak at Rigoulette, same like it was yesterday. Isaac he bought a ring at the company's store to put on my finger. But me fool when Isaac d'e, and trade off the ring to husky sailor for plug of tobacco. And so boss Smith king now!" "Well, no," it was explained, "not exactly King, but a baron, a great lord." The old crone's eyes gleamed. "Well," said she, "praps he come out and buy whole of Labrador and kick out the M'raivians!" For, alas! she was still a heathen and retained her tribal hatred of the good Labrador missionaries.

Sitting as chairman of the Methodist Quadrennial Conference at Montreal, is a gentleman who is unsurpassed as a presiding officer in Canada. In fact, some of those who have had a wide opportunity for observation are inclined to think Rev. Dr. Carman the ablest man for the duties of chairman that the country affords. This is the more exceptional in a man so well known for his strong emotions and opinions as he, but it must be remembered that prior to the union of Methodist Churches, when he became General Superintendent of the Church, he was a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal body, and thereby acquired a manner of authority which enables him to preside over the most heated discussion with firmness and impartiality. This was particularly manifested in the great gathering of 1893 which took place in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto. The most heated debate of the session arose from a resolution by Professor James Mills to strike out the addition to Wesley's rules which declares card-playing, theatre-going, and certain other amusements specific sins. Everybody who knew Rev. Dr. Carman knew that were the resolution to carry he would feel himself impelled to resign his office, yet the stranger dropping in would never have detected throughout that very heated and emotional debate where the chairman's opinions lay, so calm and fair was he. When the vote was taken and the proposal was killed, he could no longer suppress his gratitude, but at the same time suppressed the jubilation of the victors in the fight with the words: "Let us have calm conviction, brethren; calm as the voice of God."

Prosperity and politics have come hand in hand to many, and it was so in the case of one who, until a few years ago held a portfolio in the Laurier Government, and even now holds a seat in the Dominion House. He resides in Ottawa, and owns a palatial dwelling which, during the sittings of the House, was used to be illuminated from cellar to attic. Every room was lighted, so that the house from the street was a blaze of glory. This display was variously appreciated by various members of society at the capital, and the view of one section was expressed by an Ottawa doctor who, passing the house one night, noted that a single light high in the top story was not lighted. He went to the door, and, asking to see the mistress of the house, informed her politely that he feared that one of the electric bulbs had burned out, as there was no light in one of the upper rooms.

Premier Whitney in the last provincial election used all his powers of denunciation in his campaign speeches, and nobody can deny that he is very much at home in that kind of platform work. The story goes that in one village where Mr. Whitney was speaking, a great many more people turned out to the meeting than could possibly gain admission to the hall. The place was packed, and hundreds crowded the roadway in front. In a place of vantage in the doorway, stood a tall and enthusiastic Conservative, who occasionally informed those outside of what was going forward on the platform. After Mr. Whitney had been speaking for some time, one of those



FLORAL CAR DRIVEN IN THE PARADE BY MR. GEORGE H. GOODERHAM.

Decorated by Jennings the King Street Florist.

outside called to the man in the doorway: "Is he speaking yet?" The reply came that he was. Some minutes elapsed and then a storm of applause arose inside, on the subsidence of which a man in the road inquired if Mr. Whitney had got through. The tall man in the doorway was excited. "Through!" he exclaimed. "No. He's just starting on the atrocities."

A young lawyer living in a town near Toronto was horrified one morning on being called up by telephone and asked if he had any liver. He recognized the voice as that of a charming young woman of his acquaintance, and feebly replied that he possessed some liver. "We want you to send some over this morning," was the reply. "But, good heavens!" cried the bewildered lawyer, "what are you going to do with my liver?" "Isn't that Blank's—the butcher?" was the startled query. "You've got the wrong number," said the relieved lawyer, who promptly hung up the receiver. He told the young woman of the mistake two weeks afterwards, insinuating that he would prefer to send over his heart.

The criticisms that have lately been made by the press regarding the unnecessary flaunting of the Stars and Stripes in this country, recall an incident which illustrates the ignorance regarding Canada which prevails in the States, and the slight regard in which the Union Jack is held there. Two Ontario newspapermen while visiting the St. Louis Exposition were walking through the Agricultural building, and were on the lookout for the Canadian exhibit, which was a very fine one. They stopped at the exhibit of a manufacturing concern, one which sells its products in many parts of the world, including the Dominion, and inquired of one of the young lady demonstrators: "Can you tell us where the Canadian exhibit is?" "Oh, yes," she replied, "it's right over there. It's the prettiest exhibit in the building. Do you know the Canadian flag when you see it? They have it draped up at each corner." When the two men were through laughing they explained that they were from Canada, and that the Union Jack was somewhat older, and had seen something more of the world than Old Glory. Passing out to the Horticultural building, they found that the samples of apples and other fruits sent from Canada were the best to be seen. To get even with the young lady who had afforded them amusement regarding their flag, the newspapermen brought back some splendid Georgian Bay apples, together with a number of the same sort—small and rusty by comparison—from several of the States, and asked her if she knew which was the Canadian fruit.

One day this summer Mr. Robert Falconer, proprietor of the Richardson House, at the corner of King street and Spadina avenue, while on an excursion of Masons to Niagara Falls, took off his badge, wrote on it, "Return to Richardson House, Toronto, and receive reward," placed it in a bottle, and dropped it into the lake. In ten days he received the badge, which had been picked up at Port Dalhousie. Another incident of this kind is more important, however, because it probably changed the entire philosophy of life for a boy living at Stayner, near the Georgian Bay. This little chap was extremely anxious one week this summer of obtaining the sum of two dollars to carry out certain plans round which his little world for the time revolved. His father, instead of handing over the cash, gave the lad the qualified assurance that "perhaps if he was a good boy the money would turn up." Now, like most boys, he had heard such assurances before, and had learned not to bank on them. His outlook on life was cynical as he rode his wheel along the beach toward the Nottawasaga River, at this point probably the finest in Canada. He noted a bottle lying on the shore, and jumped down to examine it. In it was a note promising two dollars to the finder who should write to a certain resident of a western Ontario town. The bottle had been dropped into the lake near Mackinaw from a Northern Navigation Company steamer, and the strong currents which bring sawdust from the big mills on the north shore and wreckage from all parts of the Georgian Bay to this point, had cast it up where the boy found it. He received the two dollars promptly, and was changed at once from an embryo pessimist to, it is to be hoped, a life-long optimist.

HAMAR GREENWOOD, ESQ., M. P.

ONCE there was a boy in Whitby who was not worrying much over the internal economy of the Ladies' College, which some people consider the principal thing in that town. He was a sturdy, no-fearing young chap, the son of a lawyer, and he went to the Whitby High school; went till he got weary, and summarily quit, at the age of fifteen, not because he had learned all he ever wanted to about things in books, but because he wanted to join the militia. And this young patriot became a member of the old 34th in Whitby.

So the neighbors said that this young Thomas Hamar would perhaps become a military adventurer; that he might yet be roaming over the Empire in a red coat.

Well, Hamar Greenwood is doing his share of Empire-trotting, but he is not wearing red, though once in a while he wears khaki, for he is now a captain in the King's Colonials, with prospects of a majority in the same. And this by many young Canadians might have been counted quite ambitious enough. But T. Hamar Greenwood was not an adventurer—at least not of the swash-buckler variety.

Now there were in this brawny young man two leading passions: one was for the army, the other was for the law. He has retained both. The one would have sent him adrift. The other, after a few years of school-teaching, drew him to the University. That was in 1891, in the middle of the time when there was beginning to be an upheaval of ideas in the classic pile in Queen's Park. Greenwood had no great relish for Homer, though it is certain that he liked the Odyssey. Neither did he care for modern languages or the sciences, which latterly have attracted the more ardent young men at 'Varsity. He registered in political science—just like dozens of others; just like many who had no taste for law or political economy either. But Greenwood wanted the law, and he dug into political science because he could feel something at the end of it: not a cobwebbed office in a country town, but something bigger and broader, though he scarcely knew what. Now he knows. It was the British House of Commons that was pulling him; but if any of his classmates crossing the campus had intimated as much, Greenwood would have said, "Oh, come out of it!"

Now the young politico-scientist was not all brain; he had a big body, and it was full of restless nerves; he wanted to be doing things and to get hold of things by the roots. No bookworm was he; wherefore he was beaten continuously in his race for the scholarship by a man who has remained in private life and in the law.

Yet Greenwood left his mark on the University, not because of his pure scholarship, but by his personality. He was by nature a real sport, not the kind that revels in champagne and billiards, but the sort of man that did things on the field, the individualist who could be a good team-player; the man who could project himself beyond himself and get a line on the general drift of things. And he was very full of bounding life which you could tell by his clear, keen eye, his healthy color, and his resonant voice.

"Why the devil don't you go on the stage, Greenwood?" was a question that often occurred to his conferees.

The young man could scarcely say as yet that he preferred the platform; but he knew that before an audience he was immensely happy, because he had a message and knew how to deliver it. And his moral life was clean as a new whistle. Yet he was no psalm-singer.

So it was in the vacation of his second year at 'Varsity that Greenwood made the first detour away from political economy—by no means thinking of the army. He joined an itinerant company of barnstormers; the company's name is now forgotten, but the name of the drama remains—*Down the Slope, or the Slippery Road to Ruin*; and of this hectic piece Greenwood was the heavy villain. Yes, it was a youthful freak, and it may have jarred some of his conservative conferees; but it was one way of getting out of a rut, and it gave the young student a chance to cultivate humor in a school of experience. The first three weeks netted no salaries for the actors. It was not a question of the Wealth of Nations so much as the poverty of individuals. At an emergency meeting of the cast Greenwood was appointed manager. After that there were salaries. He reformed the service.

The episode is almost forgotten now. It had nothing to do with Greenwood's ambitions. It was merely a phase. There was a bigger and more serious drama in '95, and in that Greenwood was a leading man—but that has passed into history as part of the upheaval of ideas that took place in Toronto University in the closing years of the nineteenth century.

That very year, after his graduation with honors, Greenwood went to England. Some have alleged that he had intentions of going on the English stage. This is incorrect. Greenwood's ambition was to go on the English platform and to be called to the English bar. He went on a cattle boat because, after paying for his tuition at 'Varsity he was not heavy in the pocket. He went lecturing at once. As a young Canadian, he spoke on subjects which he well knew—things and events in Canada. He was the first University advertising agent Canada ever had. His leading line was: "The Licensing Laws in Canada." There is a fiction that he spoke mostly on temperance. But he was broader than that, and he was a total abstainer and a non-smoker; and with his big pellucid personality, his resonant voice, his mobile face, and his straight hitting out of constructive ideas, the young man soon made for himself a name as an orator. He got the ear of British thinkers. He was a force; a novel line of energy. His bent was clearly political. And a more practical thing is that he was well paid for his lectures. He had a prospective use for the money, just as he could dimly begin to see a working out of his ideas.

Greenwood had now got a hold on the British public mind, and it was during the second year of the war that he showed not merely that he was a British-Canadian Liberal, but that he was something of a radical as well—



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF MR. GREENWOOD.

for he reverted to his old military impulses and told British Liberals that, right or wrong, the war, then having started, must go on to a finish. That campaign got him the offer of a nomination—in what constituency I have forgotten, but Greenwood declined it. He had not yet got to the end of his discipline. He had not been called to the English bar; and he chose not to handicap himself with a Commonsership till he was able to stand in his shoes as solidly as any Englishman knows how to do.

So he entered Gray's Inn, and in 1905 he got the nomination for York, and the membership for York, and became private secretary to Winston Churchill. This year he graduated from Gray's Inn and was called to the English bar. He now has his feet down on British public life. Those who once called him a rover and hinted at his being an adventurer have decided that he is a serious man; that he has a definite mission; that he has put his hand to the plow, and does not intend to remain in a solitary furrow, either.

And so Greenwood comes back to Canada, for some a target, for many a subject of admiration. He probably deserves both; he can't escape either. The man's personality is too definite; not by any means obvious. You recognize when you meet him that he walks into things, and that if he had been in the Hebrew army in the days of Jericho he would probably have kicked on marching round the walls for seven days.

"Where is your monacle?" I asked him. He slid off the table on which he had seated himself.

"I'd rather see straight with both eyes," he replied. "And your accent?"

"Equally intelligible in Canada as in England," he said. "Ah—why, Bob, how are you, old chap?" This to a red-faced, jolly man who had sauntered in from Gotham just to see Hamar—or "Tom," as he calls him. And for three minutes he buttonholes his ancient conferees whom for seven years he has not seen, while you cast an eye over his big, picturesque face that wouldn't need much make-up for a man of the world in a good straight English play, and would look just as effective over a military uniform.

"Do you consider yourself a representative British Liberal?" I asked him.

"Agreeing with my party on all essentials—mind you, not on quibbles," was the reply. "Partisanship—no, I do not like it. I should have made a poor bigot. Imperial politics is no longer a thing of party."

"So you really consider British Liberals Imperialists?" "And why not? We are the true Imperialists. We believe in free trade. We are not hereditary men. The present Cabinet, look at them—most have travelled through nearly all of the colonies, and many have been to Canada. Little Englanders? No, indeed! Yes, Canada is the hub of colonialism. No colony is so well advertised in Great Britain as Canada."

"Room for improvement, perhaps, in that?"

"Up to the Canadian Government, that?" "But why do you not have British representatives here in our important centres? Then your Englishmen would get information about Canada from men of their own kind."

"Well, we are sending out two hundred members of the House of Commons next year."

"Why not include Rosebery?"

"Rosebery is too old to leave. The King is too old. But the movement of the people from England to Canada—that is important. I have already said that had I been born in England I should have emigrated to Canada. Having been born in Canada, I have emigrated to England. That seems fair enough, Imperially."

"On one condition—that you continue to represent Canada as much as York, for instance."

This led to a conjecture as to what this man's ambition might be. Jokingly a minute before he had assured another dropper-in that he intended to be married to an Earl's daughter in Westminster by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"And your present ambition—?"

"To handle colonial appeal cases before the Privy Council," he said.

"And your ultimate ambition?"

"Twenty years from now?" he said reflectively. "I can scarcely say. Except that I know that although progress in England is slow to even the most ambitious men, every step made in advance remains a step; that character

counts—counts big in England. It does, indeed."

I suggested that in a Cabinet so well versed in colonial affairs—that is if it ever became essential that a Minister should be an expert in colonialism, he might—

He would not commit himself. But if John Burns representing labor, why not Hamar Greenwood representing Canada?

"At all events," he concluded, as he took another swing on the table, "you may be sure that the real Government in Great Britain is no longer mere party Government. It is government by experts; it is a business Government."

He said something further about military matters; assured me that he was still a military man. That did not seem to me so important now. It rather seemed that "all the world's a stage," and that Hamar Greenwood had merely chosen to star in a role which he picked out for himself. *Down the Slope, or the Slippery Road to Ruin*, was his first play. "Up the Slope, or the Rocky Road to Success," is the name of the drama in which, so far as being a Canadian in England is concerned, he will continue to star for the whole of a constructive career.

AT THE WOODBINE TRACK

SO far ideal weather has attended the Autumn Meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club, and with large fields, close finishes, and a sprinkling of long shots and surprises to enliven matters, not even the most blasé habitue of the race track can complain of the sport provided.

It is an open secret that the Woodbine is considered the Elysium of the bookmaking fraternity, money coming in plentifully with odds shortened down all round to whatever figure the professionals choose, and some thirty layers of odds have all too little time between the events to handle the ever-flowing stream of money and attend to their numerous patrons. Neither on Monday nor on Wednesday did the favorites show up well, and the books must have reaped a golden harvest on both occasions, so, taking this fact in conjunction with the foregoing, the pencilers, at all events, can have no reason to lose their golden opinion of their Mecca.

Those who do not pretend to follow form or bet on inside information, but merely put a little on each race to have an interest in the meeting, would have done well to have followed the winning jockey's mounts instead of picking their fancies in the paddock. Koerner has been conspicuous all through the meeting, and he is certainly the foremost jockey present on the track. His fine performances include one first, one second, and two third places on Monday, three firsts on Tuesday, and on Wednesday he rode two winning mounts, and was twice second. In all, he has ridden fourteen horses, and out of the eleven times that he has been "in the money" he has ridden a winner on six occasions.

"For a lady in the ring wouldn't be the proper thing," sings *Lady Holyrood* in *Floradora*, and assuredly the ladies at the Woodbine have just as much objection to entering the ring as had *Lady Holyrood*, although not for one moment are imputed similar methods of wagering as those pursued by that astute leader of fashion at Goodwood. Not only the ladies, but a number of the sterner sex, would welcome some method of betting which did not involve a rush to the ring the moment the books opened and a hand-to-hand fight in the inadequate space set apart for such transactions in order to get a fair price.

Why, then, should not the totalizator be adopted in conjunction with the present method of handling the odds? It is used extensively in France, where it is under Government control; it has its place at the meetings in South Africa, and is a *sine qua non* of every Indian race course.

The system is simplicity itself, and although there are variations in working on different tracks, and in the computation of second and third money, the main principle is as follows:

The names of the horses in a particular race are exhibited, and as each bet is registered a mark is placed after the name of the horse played (thus showing how the odds are running). When the book is closed the number of wagers laid is totalled, and after deducting a percentage for expenses, etc., and dividing the balance by the number of bets on the winning horse, the remainder represents the return the player gets on his investment. It is hardly necessary to add, either, that in order to lay a greater sum than the fixed unit, a player must take out one or more extra tickets, or, that he does not get back his stake or stakes with his winnings. Such a system would not be played by the majority of racegoers, for when a player bets with a machine he shortens the odds for all (himself included), and not only for those who come after him. It is, therefore, safe to assert that the introduction of the totalizator would not interfere with the bookmakers to any appreciable extent, and would at the same time be a more pleasant method of betting for a certain section of the community. What has proven an unqualified success elsewhere is, at least, worthy of consideration here.

It is to be regretted that no event for polo ponies is to be found on the week's programme. At the last fall meeting there was a quarter-mile dash for polo ponies, but this fall Captain Straubenzie, who has been instrumental in arranging the race at previous meetings, has been unable to get owners to enter their "tats." Doubtless the chief reason is that two important matches have yet to take place this month—against Rochester on the 25th and Buffalo on the 29th, and players are naturally chary of taking the risk of having any of the team ponies lamed just before these matches. Still a polo scurry would have been a most attractive feature, and it is to be hoped that at a future meeting such a race may again have a place on the card.

A. W. CRUM.

INDIVIDUALITIES

Mr. J. Ogden Armour has written a book entitled *The Packers and the People*, to prove that the former do not pack the latter. At the same time we read only the other day, in an American magazine, a story in which the hero was admitted to be "a well-preserved man of sixty."—*Punch*.

Signor Caruso, the Italian tenor, is reported to have won \$10,000 in six nights' play at Ostend, and then to have lost it all in one sitting. In spite of the anti-gambling law passed three years ago, betting is rampant there. Many well-known French, Russian, and American plungers are present at the gaming tables.

Mr. Chamberlain was once delivering a rousing speech in Birmingham to an audience so tightly packed together that no man could possibly get in or out. Suddenly in the middle of the hall arose a scowling man. "What did Mr. Gladstone say in 1872?" he howled. "Turn him

out!" shouted the audience. Three men hurled the inter-ruper a few yards, and others hustled him into the street. A friend who had been at the meeting came upon him later in the day. "What did Mr. Gladstone say in 1872?" asked the friend. "I don't know," said the man. "I haven't a notion. Only I'd got a terrible toothache, and could not butt my way through the crowd, so the only thing to do was to get thrown out."—*London Globe*.

Elbert Hubbard, the lecturer and writer, always carries a little black bag with him, and refuses to get his hair cut, says the *Saturday Evening Post*. The long hair is the sign of genius, and the little black bag is the sign that once in a while there arises a genius—note the sign of the hair—who is practical in business matters.

Thomas Bent, the Premier of Victoria, introduces songs in his speeches. A word or a phrase strikes a chord of memory, recalls some half-forgotten melody, and then the Premier breaks forth into song. Replying to criticism, Mr. Bent says he never introduces songs of the present day, of which he has a very poor opinion.

Tolstoi said recently to Henry Nevinson, the English writer on Russia: "You are young and I am old, but as you grow older you will find, as I have found, that day follows day, and there does not seem much change in you, till suddenly you hear people speaking of you as an old man. It is the same with an age in history; day follows day, and there does not seem to be much change, till suddenly it is found that the age is become old. It is finished; it is out of date. The present movement in Russia is not a riot, it is not even a revolution; it is the end of an age."

Jack London, the novelist, will sail from San Francisco in a few weeks with his wife and his wife's uncle in a boat forty-five feet long; he intends to go around the world, touching at the Hawaiian Islands, Samoa, Tasmania, New Zealand, Australia, the Philippines, and Japan. Korea, China, India, the Red Sea, the Mediterranean, and bordering lands, will be visited and described for an American magazine. Mr. London believes his voyage will be unique as well as enjoyable, and prides himself on the fact that he will have no crew except his one friend, a man of sixty years. His boat will be "ketch-rigged" and carry an auxiliary engine and propeller for emergencies.

General Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking, is a sculptor of no mean ability. A bust of Captain John Smith, which he made and presented to the State of Virginia, has just arrived in Richmond, where it will be placed permanently in the State Capitol. The bust is intended to be an interesting and appropriate gift just at this time, when preparations are in progress for the Jamestown Tercentennial Exposition of 1907, which will commemorate the first permanent English settlement in America, brought about through the courage and abilities of John Smith as a colonizer. General Baden-Powell comes from the same stock, his family being the direct descendants of a brother of the captain.

Baron Jularo Komura, one of the most remarkable of the young statesmen of Japan, is now Japanese Ambassador to Great Britain, and was recently received at his new post of honor. He had just relinquished the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, a position which he had filled with dignity and success since 1900. The Ambassador belongs to none of the four great feudal clans, but is of Samurais caste, and thus, though he is essentially a self-made man, belongs to the aristocracy. Komura was one of the young men chosen to acquire a modern education at Harvard University. There he remained for five years, and was the first Japanese student to receive a degree from the university. After diplomatic service in China, he went as Minister first to Washington and then to St. Petersburg. At the Portsmouth Conference none had more influence than Baron Komura. His countrymen had entire confidence in him, and probably their faith in his patriotism and astuteness led them to accept the bargain he made as quietly as they did.



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A Stage Romance

It is not unlikely that the meteoric career of Miss Camille Clifford, who but four or five years ago was a parlor-maid, with but a scant knowledge of English, and who is now engaged to the son of a British peer, will turn the heads of many young girls who will swell the already large number who are stage-struck.

Everyone who has met Miss Clifford will have nothing but the heartiest congratulations to extend to her on her engagement to such a good example of the younger members of the English aristocracy as the Hon. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce, son and heir of Lord Aberdare, for she has won the respect of all with whom she has come into contact on the other side of the Atlantic ever since she appeared in the "Prince of Pilsen" at the Shaftesbury Theater, two years ago.

Miss Clifford, as most everybody knows, had a most minor part to perform in the "Prince of Pilsen." She was assigned the part of the "Gibson Girl," and her duties consisted simply of walking across the stage and looking the part. This she did so successfully that crowds flocked nightly to see her. She shared with the star the honors of the performance, and Americans have been heard to say: "Why that Gibson Girl is the whole show."

If Miss Clifford has shown herself, as she undoubtedly has, capable of making an insignificant part one of the first importance—a part in which she had not to utter a single line, not even a monosyllable—by her graceful poise, who shall say that the day is far distant when the same grace, having by that time attained a still more dignified poise, shall add lustre to more than one European Court, asks the "American Register" of Paris.

Although she went to London from America, Miss Clifford is not exactly an American, but a mixture of Irish and Scandinavian. She was born in Antwerp, and when 14 years of age she went to America, travelling in the crowded steerage.

Many of the young ladies who now, more or less, adorn the stage would have had their pretty little heads completely turned with such a transformation, for no fairy god-mother with the most energetic wand of her wand could have accomplished more for her favorite god-child than Miss Clifford by her own good sense, aided by good looks and an elegant figure, has accomplished.

That this fortunate young lady possesses more than common wisdom, and has in no way had her head turned, may be gathered from what she said to a reporter of a New York newspaper when asked as to her views on the subject of peers marrying actresses. She then said:

"I suppose that it would be impossible to conceive a more popular idea for the plot of a novelette than to make some peer marry an actress. But when the event does actually take place, the poor actress usually has a hard time at the hands of the critics. A great number of people whom it does not concern in the least usually write to the papers about the degeneracy of the British aristocracy, and so on."

Yet, there are people who argue that a good actress ought to make a good neccess, that her schooling on the boards ought to enable her to carry herself well in any society, and that the tact which all actresses who are successful must possess should enable her to smooth over many difficulties.

There's Nothing New.

The Chinese had the printing press When Moses was a boy, And printed all the news, I guess, About the siege of Troy. The things that ours we proudly call—Machines to reap and sow—The Chinese knew about them all Six thousand years ago.

Gunpowder, paper, ice cream, steel—They knew about each one Before the Roman placed his heel The conquered world upon. They hit on everything, 'twould seem, And I've no doubt, oh, no, Some Chinese poet used this theme Six thousand years ago.—Pittsburg "Post."

In the Beginning.

"Yours is certainly an unusual case," said the lawyer, "and it will be necessary to consult a number of books."

"Sol" queried the client. "Yes," answered the legal light, "and we will begin with your pocket-book."—Columbus "Dispatch."

BOOKS

ONE of the most readable books of the year is "Prisoners," by Mary Cholmondeley, who made such a hit a few years ago with her story "Red Pottage." The Copp, Clark Co., have brought out the Canadian edition of the new novel which has the merit of being not only a good story with plenty of action, but also excellently clever reading. It is the story of a beautiful but unconsciously selfish woman, who had the luck to fall in with a couple of wholly unselfish men in a circle where men were selfish enough, and where better women than the heroine went unwhipped and unsung.

Through a sense of chivalry a young man allowed himself to be convicted of murder. His object was to protect the heroine from the breath of scandal through the police finding him at midnight in her boudoir. They were seeking a murderer and he gave himself up as the criminal in hiding. Even when her husband died a year later, she could not bring herself to confess the facts and release the prisoner, who spent two miserable years in close confinement, and came out at last, broken in health, through the death-bed confession of the real criminal. The plot is a good one. But aside from that, the reading and character delineation is unusually good for these present times. Here is something about Michael, the hero of the book. Have you not known just such Englishmen?

He had the spare, wiry figure, tall and lightly built, square in the shoulders and thin in the flank; he had the clear, weather-beaten complexion, the clean, nervous, capable hand, and the self-effacing manner, which we associate with inviolate of well-born, machine trained, perfectly groomed, extensively educated, uneducated Englishmen. Our public schools turn them out by the thousand. The "lost legion" is made up of them. The unburied bones of the pioneers of new colonies are mostly theirs. They die of thirst in the never, never country under a tree, leaving their initials cut in its trunk; they fall by hundreds in our wars. They are born leaders where acumen and craft are not needed. Large game was made for them, and they for it. They are the vermin destroyers of the universe. They throw life from them with both hands, they play the game of life with a levity which they never showed in the business of cricket and football.

They are essentially not of the stuff of which those dull persons the thinkers, the politicians, the educationists, are made. No profession knows them except the army. They have no opinions worth hearing. Only the women who are to marry them listen to them. They are sometimes squeezed into Parliament, and are borne with there like children. About one in a hundred of them can earn his own living, and then it is as a land agent.

They make adorable country squires, and picturesque, simple-minded, painstaking men of rank. They know, by a sort of hereditary instinct, how to deal with a laboring man and a horse, and how to break in a dog. They give themselves no airs. We have millions of men like this, and it is doubtful whether the nation finds much use for them, except at coronations, when they look beautiful; or on county councils, where they can hold an opinion without the preliminary fatigue of forming it; and on the bloodstained fringes of our empire, where they serenely meet their dreadful deaths.

Col. Billairs was father of the leading lady in the story, and the daughter had inherited the father's selfishness and the mother's meek weakness. Who has not such a household pet as the Colonel?

Colonel Bellairs, a handsome man of sixty, had remained remarkably young of his age. The balance, however, was made even by the fact that those who lived with him grew old before their time. It had been so with his wife. It was obviously so with his eldest daughter. Many men as superficially affectionate as Colonel Bellairs, and at heart as callous, as exacting, and as inconsiderate, have made enduring husbands. But Colonel Bellairs was not only irresolute and vacillating, and incapable of even the most necessary decisions, but he was an inveterate enemy of all decision on the part of others, inimical to all suggested arrangements or plans for household convenience. The words "spring cleaning" could never be mentioned in his presence. The thing itself could only be achieved by stealth. A month at the seaside for the sake of the children was a subject that could not be approached. All small feminine social arrangements, dependent for their accomplishment on the use of the horses, were mown down like grass. Colonel Bellairs hated what he called "living by clockwork."

You may read, if you care to do so, in the faces of many gentle-tempered and apparently prosperous married women, an enormous fatigue. Wicked, blood-curdling husbands do not bring this look into women's faces. It is men like Colonel Bellairs who hold the recipe for calling it into existence.

The Colonel's wife had one comfort in her daughter Magdalen, who had grown faded ministering to the father's selfishness. When the mother was dying she talked freely to this daughter.

"Women like me have no business to marry," she said.

"Mother always used to tell me and I never believed it, but it is true: Men are children and it is no good thinking them different. They never grow up. I don't know if there are any grown-up men anywhere. I suppose there must be, but I have never met one. I don't know any prime ministers or archbishops, but I expect

they are just the same as your father in home-life.

"I dare say your father will be sorry when I'm gone. People like your father are always very fond of some one who is dead, who has no longer any claim upon them: a mother or a sister whom they did not take much trouble about when they were alive.

"Of course I am going to die first, but I sometimes used to think if your father died before me and if he were allowed to come back after death—such things do happen—I had a friend who saw a ghost once—whether he would be as vexed then at any little change as he is now. You know, Magdalen, it has always been a cross to me that the writing-table in my sitting-room is away from the light. My eyes were never strong. I moved it near the window when I first came here, but your father was annoyed, and had it out back where it is now, because his mother always had it there. But I really could not see to write there. And I have often thought if he came back after he was dead, whether he would mind if he found I had moved it nearer the window.

"You say I am going to be at peace, Magdalen. But how do you know? I dare say I'm not. I dare say I am going to hell, but if I do I don't care. I don't care where I am going so long as it is somewhere where there aren't any more husbands, and housekeeping, and home, weary, weary home, and complaints about food. I don't want ever to see anything again that I have known here. I am so tired of everything. I am tired to death."

"Prisoners" is not only a stirring story for those who like action, but it is very interesting for reflective persons who care to consider the plight of various prisoners—some held in by no bars of iron.

Count Tolstoi sees a chance in Russia for a big advance—a leap ahead of all the other nations in so far as the working masses are concerned—and those who condemn him for seeming to oppose the proposed reforms of the revolutionary party in Russia, would do well to learn what it is that this wise old man is driving at. What we get of his views by cablegram from London disappoints those of us in Canada who expected Tolstoi to hold a lamp for the revolutionists. But he sees something bigger than a mad overthrow of evil conditions. The Free Age Press, 13 Paternoster Row, London, sends out English translations of his recent writings on war and on Russia's outlook. "A Great Iniquity" a four-penny pamphlet, from these publishers has just reached me, and it shows what Tolstoi is aiming at. He argues that Russia is a country where 90 per cent. of the people are agriculturists and have no desire to be anything else. All they want is land to work in, in a country where there is an abundance of land. Tolstoi says they ought to get it, they know they ought to and that they will get it, with whatever regrettable violence may be necessary. They will not buy it, nor compensate for it. The condition is the same as that preceding the French Revolution, with one great difference—Tolstoi thinks it makes the greatest difference in the world—a newspaper man in New York-lived, wrote and died. He says Henry George worked out a land system that, under existing circumstances is the best possible to Russia's needs, and more readily adaptable by Russia than by any country in the world. He thinks that Russia, being a country whose people are so overwhelmingly given over to agriculture, that the Henry George system can be adopted there easily enough, and at a stroke Russia lifted from her place away in the rear to a place far in advance of any other nation, in so far as the peace, comfort and well-being of the masses are concerned. He would have the land allotted to those who will use it, paying no rent or taxes except to the state. He pictures the land hunger of the Russian peasants—their terrible life struggle to get dry bread and shelter by night. Dr. Mackenzie Wallace in the London Times this week gives an account of an army of 5,000,000 agricultural laborers, who have been moving across Russia all summer following the harvest, and about to meet the winter, tired, spent and almost penniless, after all their toil and tramping. Dr. Wallace describes the cry of these men as "Land, land, give us land." They see lots of it, immense estates, lying idle. In Canada thousands go to Manitoba and the West in August to work in the harvest fields; they cross the country on special trains, find instant employment at good wages and return swiftly home if they want to; or remain to take up large homesteads if they choose. Instead of thousands as with us, millions go harvesting in Russia; they travel on foot for days and weeks and are paid in pennies. It would be a surprising thing if, in a country so wretched, the very iniquity of the prevailing conditions, should cause the Henry George system to be applied, and land thrown open to whomsoever would work it.

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seas laughs at the current stories of their daring. Like most bulky creatures, they are naturally timid. When Benjamin Franklin called the bald-headed eagle, the chosen emblem of his country, "very lousy and rank a coward," he only said the truth of that and most large creatures. The gannet is harried by the gull; the smallest skua; the swift will put a carrier crow to flight; and so the sharks, unless encouraged by numbers of their own kind or by the helplessness of a solitary swimmer, give man a wide berth.—London "Times."

The Ass Spoke.

The eastern tale is generally a compound of that humor, simplicity, and imagination, that we associate rightly or wrongly, with the Irishman, just because Ireland is the nearest country to our own that is not aggressively Saxon. What could be more Irish, for instance, than the behavior of the great Turkish hero of so many stories, Nasr-ed-Din Hodja, when a neighbor came to borrow his donkey. "My donkey is not here," he said. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the animal brayed loudly. "But your donkey is here, I can hear him!" cried the neighbor. "What!" shouted the enraged Turk, "do you mean to say you believe my donkey before you believe me?"—London "Chronicle."

"Fare, Please."

The trolley car conductor Needs not go to college; He needs no sage instructor For his take-nickel knowledge. —Philadelphia "Press."

Dodge the Dreams.

Just because a young woman tells a young man that she dreamed of him the night before, he has no authority to feel elated. She may have had the nightmare.—Somerville "Journal."

Just So.

Vicar—How is it we don't see you at church, Hodgkins?
Hodgkins—Oi don't rarely know, but Oi suppose it's 'cause Oi never gets.—London "Tatler."



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Savings of French Peasants.

One of the wonders of the industrial world has always been the phenomenal thrift of the French peasantry. Since 1880 the depositors in French savings banks have subscribed and paid for \$480,000,000 worth of Government bonds. Since 1891 these savings banks depositors have also subscribed for \$104,000,000 in bonds issued by the French colonies and in mortgage and loan companies. The number of depositors has increased from 5,000,000 to 7,000,000. It is obvious that this wonderful demonstration in thrift is of keeping with a popular notion of France as a gay and improvident nation. — Indianapolis "Star."

Hotel Property.

First Waiter—Any souvenir fiends?

Second Waiter—Yep, one of 'em took away his tip.—New York "Sun."



Lady Gay's Column

U GH! What a thing of perdition is the wet blanket! In case of fire, they tell me, it is useful, but fires are happily few and far between, and wet blankets are continuous. You bounce in, full of enthusiasm with a story of heroism, a good tale of fun, an indignant outcry against some imposition or cruelty, and are met by a pair of lack-lustre eyes, grim mouth, a bored voice—lo! the wet blanket clings and falls over you, cold and clammy, and you feel the fire dying down in your soul, sizzling, smoking, going black out. The young man with his story of devotion gets a wet blanket from "Poppa," with "What are your prospects of being able to support my daughter in the same comfort as I do?" The vision of love in a flat suddenly becomes ridiculous, the pretty rainbow fades under the wet blanket. You dream of an excursion into the wilderness; there will be forest and stream, and deep ravines and ferns, and all the darling wild things and places. "The black flies and mosquitoes nearly ate us up there, and one cannot sleep for other horrors," says the wet blanket with fiendish cruelty, flinging itself upon your house of cards and flattening it out. It smothers your best hopes, and quenches your highest aspirations, and the mischief of it is that the beastly thing is generally right.

"Why don't you write something about the Exhibition?" asks a woman. "I'm sure you'd see things others don't notice." In the first place, the Exhibition is thoroughly done justice to in papers that have more space to fill than this one. And, furthermore, I have not time, if I had space to describe the newest new things, the "new novelties," as the advertising man calls them, with unconscious sarcasm. However, just for fun, did you see that Californian's exhibit of the possibility of contriving to live comfortably in two rooms, cooking, refrigerating, washing and being "real lady" in the parlor—all at the same time. Doors turned on central pivots instead of hinges. "When is a door not a door?" When it has a gas stove bracketed on one side and a dining-table top on the other, with a shelf that lets down and something else that lets up, and still another that lets out. That door on its pivot swung things into the cupboard and out again in a way that was more than uncanny. And, then, the folding-bed! What wasn't included in its small space? A Pullman sleeping car porter would lose his job or give it up in despair, if he, accustomed as he is to weird stowaway shifts of all descriptions, were asked to undertake the California agent's cupboard doors and folding bed! There were places for boots where no one would ever think in ten years of putting them; the most constant suspicion and eagle-eyed search would fail to locate the laundry utensils unless one knew the combination! I thought I had gotten the stowage of flat furniture down to a nicety until I stuck the Californian man's system; since then I have gone humbly, realizing that I am a lumbering all-over-the-place sort of planner, whose arrangements are void of ingenuity and prodigal of clumsiness.

A reverend friend is having a grand time on the West Coast. He and his wife have never been able to have a real wedding tour until this summer. And its to Alaska they've gone, no less, and here are two or three of his remarks on it: "I was interested in the great stamp mill, one of the two largest on earth, at Douglas Island, Alaska. I also looked down the great 'Glory Hole' Mine. The Siwashmen as they call the Indians, combine with the salmon canneries to make a smell that never was on sea or land. Reminds me of the boy that 'caught forty salmon and smelt.' I don't know what Siwash means, but should think the first syllable enough."

The motorists are hot over that Dr. Brown, who has been telling the world that a chauffeur develops cruelty and a woman loses charm in the pursuit of a speed record on the devil-wagon. If Dr. Brown had told us that a woman didn't look pretty in

motoring garb, at least nine women out of ten would sigh and say it was the unhappy fact. But there are a good many women who know how to dress and look very pretty even while motoring. Anything more prim and dainty than the Queen of England in her motor garb one doesn't often see. And to come down to our own level, there are girls in town who never look prettier than peeping from under a great veil, and wrapped in a light dust cloak. There are also queens, I dare say, as there certainly are lesser folk, who no sooner start on a motor ride than their hats and veils and odds and ends take unto themselves inspiration to look as crazy as possible; their hairpins won't stay in, and their ensemble speedily suggests the tail of a cyclone. They ride hanging on to their hats, and pedestrians laugh at them jeeringly as they dash past. As to the chauffeur becoming a murderer at heart, he is going too fast to watch his symptoms of degeneration. One can laugh gaily at the abject terror of whole families of innocent country folk, who desert their horses and carts, break through thorn hedges into fields, careless of wounds or rents, and crouch upon the ground howling until nothing but a cloud of dust remains to tell of the flight of the monster they dread. But should one injure even a quiet old duck or hen, not to mention a good dog or a useful, necessary pig, one feels the proper amount of regret and compunction therefor, and often lays down more than just compensation. Men do not become brutal through motoring, who were kind and considerate before. It may shock good Dr. Brown, but the truth is, quite a few men are brutes anyhow. A good chauffeur is a man to be admired, for he has fine qualities—nerve, judgment, resource, endurance, and long sight. He gets big money, and he earns every cent.

An epidemic of petty theft seems to have struck the women. Every few days one is caught in the act of purloining some trifle which probably she does not really want, and which she has no reasonable excuse for coveting. But she helps herself, with a detective at her elbow, too, for a shoplifter or anyone else cannot be expected to recognize a spotter, who is often the most guileless looking of men or women. Anyone who is unhappy enough to have shopping to do in the neighborhood of bargains must have noticed the scores of girls who career about the place, twisting cords, musing ribbons and fingering lace. How much would one prefer to have them swipe a few things and stop pawing everything. Shopkeepers say they lose hundreds of dollars, by reason of the pawing sisterhood. Do you belong to it?



Correspondence Column
The above Coupon must accompany every photographical study sent in. The Editor's Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Howe—Your thanks on both counts duly received, and here's my best wishes to you and the dear little woman. You might do as I did, if I denied any of your own get someone else's. And so you found the "Jungle" as horrible as I painted it? Just fancy, it is being put upon the stage! Phew! Can't you smell the fertilizer. Farewell, my chance acquaintance, such comradeship is one of the ameliorations of travel, is it not? I got another sample on the way home nearly as good, but there was no little woman full of execrations and funny stories. Always very glad to hear from you.

Evangeline—You are full of gentleness and magnetic power, self-respect and decision, with quick purpose and an intuition which is strong and more often right than is usual. Refinement and a great sense of propriety and the fitness of things; not a very optimistic and buoyant temperament. January 5 brings you under Capricorn, whose desires are generally insatiable in their desire for intellectual growth. They will work indefatigably for themselves, but are restless under supervision and direction by others. It is a Capricorn trait to be variable in tone of spirits, now jolly, now depressed. Capricorns are generally adapted to the carrying out of large projects, and love enterprise promising large results, but lose heart over small ventures. They are the people of great material aspirations. As teachers they are patient, tactful, kind and successful. Their worst faults are selfishness and self-distrust. The diseases most likely to attack them are indigestion and melancholia. They often talk too much.

Denise—"Human opinions are so changeable that to work for anyone's good opinion is stupid and fruitless," you say. True for you, darlin'! More especially when, as in the case of myself and your flattery, one gets the good opinion unconsciously. For some January traits you can read answer to Evangeline, but she is a far

more concrete character than you! You have excellent discretion and glimpses of good ability, and love of beauty; while you lack power, you would exercise it easily and considerately, and listen often to the counsel of your heart before that of your head. And you think there's something fascinating in writing to one you don't know? I suppose the charm wears off, for I don't notice it. If you don't indulge in too much sentiment and "get yourself together," you will, I don't doubt, be a most creditable and interesting Capricorn. There is a fine Capricorn individuality about you, and the characteristic intellect worship and regard for book knowledge. To be kindhearted, loyal, secretive, excellent story-tellers and fine memorists, belong to Capricorn. Don't try to do too much or too many things at a time. Capricorns wear themselves out in that way. Your most congenial friends and companions should come under Taurus, Virgo and Libra, the latter brilliant and uncertain air sign finding your quiet practicality and stability grateful as a contrast, not as an example. Ring off!

Canadian Girl—Of this sign it is said "The whole physical nature seems to grow out of the fine senses," but the development through psychic influences shows Taurus capable of great brilliancy, zeal and hopefulness. The harmony of your nature is not yet achieved, but you have great impulse, energy, dash and initiative. The tendency is to haste and somewhat heedless action; some sentiment and impatience are indicated. It is not the hand that waits for something to turn up, or waits for anything with equanimity. The discretion of experience is lacking also. There is fair care for detail, conservatism, practical purpose, some sharpness of criticism, and fairly logical thoughts. A tendency to exaggerate emphasis, "to kill a mosquito with an axe," is visible.

Hal—Your thoughts are long ones, and I entirely agree with them. Your writing shows great discipline, method and capacity of concentration, with decided ability, and probably love of study and professional work. Excellent sequence of ideas, dominant will, but little taste for the lighter frivolities and frothy sentiments; facility of expression and ease of conversation, with a decided taste for appreciation and praise are shown. It pleases you to be orderly and exact in word and thought, the smallest detail is worthy of consideration, and you like your work to be thoroughly and well finished. The conventions should be strong with you.

Lord Harry—Do I believe in Platonic friendship? Do I believe I am alive? One of the few good things which has lasted all my grown-up life has been friendship. Platonic, I suppose you'd call it, in some cases, as between man and woman who like each other perfectly, without the desire of possession, who are happy together, without conversation, who enjoy meeting, but can live apart without undue rebellion. Tell me twenty years from now how you feel towards your girl chum, who, with you, has about rounded her first quarter century, and I'll know if it be real Plato or some bogus translator who is godfather for it. The ink has so faded in your letter that it is quite useless for delineation.

Summers—I hope your visit came up to your anticipations. I hear it

MUCH CHEAPER
Grape-Nuts Accomplished What Ocean Travel and Medicine Could Not.

It's not what you eat, but what you digest that gives strength. Many a man drags around year after year half dead, because his food is not digested and he takes first one kind of medicine and then another without relief—because medicines cannot take the place of well digested food, and never will.

Give nature a fair chance, as a prominent German-American of Chicago did, and if you're in a bad fix from stomach trouble, read what he says and try it on.

"About a year ago," he writes, "I was afflicted with stomach trouble, which so enfeebled me I had to quit work. I grew so lean I was merely skin and bones."

"I had the advice of six different doctors and two college professors. One thought I had cancer of the stomach, another advised a change of climate, and recommended ocean travel. I decided to follow this last and went abroad for three months."

"But my health became worse and worse. The least amount of food caused me awful pain, and I obtained relief only by having my stomach pumped out."

"Nothing did me any good. Soon I could take no food at all except strained oatmeal; then a time came when I could not even take that. I lost courage and prepared myself to die. At that time my wife brought me a package of Grape-Nuts, but I had no confidence in anything any longer."

"She finally persuaded me to taste a few spoonfuls of the new food, and to my surprise I retained it and had no distress. That made me feel fine and encouraged me to make another trial for life. For several months I ate nothing else—every day a bowl of Grape-Nuts with cream, and thus I regained my health, my old-time weight, and am now as well as ever. I could not live without Grape-Nuts. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich."

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

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THE ELIAS ROGERS CO LIMITED

has been frightfully hot while I was out of town. Your writing shows a pleasant and amenable temperament, with some tenacity, bright perception, some imagination and tendency to pessimism; discretion and adaptability, good sequence of ideas, the wish and ability to please, some idea of business and a brisk matter-of-fact method of conducting your affairs, are suggested by your breezy lines.

Perle—What kind of man would I advise you to marry? Well, if you get any kind, take him and say thanks. Remember, there are not enough to go round! November 19 brings you under Scorpio, a sign not noted for the musicians it has produced. But I don't fancy you have the least intention of a musical career, "The Bridesmaid's Chorus" from Lohengrin and the "Wedding March" will likely be the end of musical ambitions for you. Your writing is good, but immature.

Tell You What!

Tell you what I like the best. 'Long about knee deep in June, 'Bout the time strawberries melt On the vine—some afternoon. Like to jes' git out an' rest. And not work at nothin' else. —James Whitcomb Riley.

A Sigh From the Sea.

The beach wore a very gay and animated appearance. The waters inshore were as thickly peopled with laughing, splashing men and maidens as was the promenade above. Suddenly from the waves came an agonized cry for help. It was from a girl. Instantly a bald-headed gentleman plunged to rescue beauty in distress.

His arm was round her. "Oh, my hero!" gasped the lady, "how can I ever repay you?" "So sorry to disappoint you, but

I'm afraid that's impossible. I'm a married man," said the hero. "Gracious!" cried the discomfited maid, "with all those eligible young men on the beach you dare to come and spoil a sea-shore romance. Ugh!" And with a vigorous stroke she passed on to waters new.—"Tatler."

Something Lacking.

One of the richest gold finds in Australia was made by a boy who picked up a stone to throw at a crow, and noticed that there was gold in the stone.

When he reported the fact to the local government officer, says the author of "The Romance of Mining," the warden endeavored to notify the Governor by telegraph. He was, however, too excited to be rational. "A boy picked up a stone to throw at a crow," he wired, and the amazed official, unable to guess what there was of significance in the event, replied: "Yes; and what happened to the crow?"—"Youth's Companion."

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AFTER YOUR MEAL
take a glass of this delicious liqueur and you will be assured of perfect digestion.
BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES
See that you get the bottle of which we give fac simile here.
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THE DRAMA

At the Princess Theater next Monday evening Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay, under the management of Daniel Frohman, will be seen in a new comedy, entitled "The Embassy Ball," written by Mr. Augustus Thomas, the author of Mr. D'Orsay's last well-known success, "The Earl of Pawtucket." In the "Embassy Ball" the scenes are all laid in Washington, D.C. A year previous to the opening of the play, complications have been started in Paris, when "Captain Hawarden-Kellie," then an attaché of the British Embassy in that city, is prompted to go to the aid of a young American lady, who has been arrested for riding a bicycle without the license required by French law. He helps her by escorting her to the City Hall, and there signing what he supposes to be a bicycle permit, but which a careless official has made out on a marriage contract. The "Captain" is transferred to Washington, and on receipt of news from England

As noted in this column last week, "The Spring Chicken" is an adaptation of a French farce, and to it have been added to a considerable degree the peculiar subtlety and ease of movement characteristic of English comedy. It ran well in London for two seasons, and promises to be highly successful here. Mr. Carle has interpolated several songs of his own for the American production, and they are very good songs indeed. "All the Girls Love Me" and "A Lemon in the Garden of Love" are particularly attractive, and are given with elaborate settings. As far as the individual voices are concerned, there is not one above the mediocre, but the piece does not make large demands in this direction. The costumes are unusually fine, and they all fairly crackle with newness. Mr. Carle, as "Ambrose Girdle," the thoroughly subjugated elderly husband who catches the spring infection and becomes bland and frolicsome, has a role admirably suited to his style of

most of the girls being youthful and vivacious in appearance. Of the many songs given probably "Annual Flirtation," sung by Miss Webber, is the most popular.

The performance at Shea's this week is much above the average in point of variety and merit. George Arliss, an actor of considerable merit, who at one time figured in Mrs. Patrick Campbell's company, is the writer of the playlet that is given by Charles E. Evans and company. The title, "It's Up to You, William," has a rather disconcerting sound, but the sketch itself is quite meritorious. A number of the other turns are also amusing.

At Lord Rosebery's ball—the great event which wound up the season—it is said that Maxine Elliot (Mrs. Nat Goodwin) was the handsomest woman in the room. The host himself took her straight to the Princess of Wales, to whom she was introduced for the first time, and although, as everyone knows, that lady is far from keen on American women, she made quite a fuss over the actress and then there invited her to come and have tea with her at Frogmore House. Windsor. Lord Rosebery danced twice with Mrs. Goodwin, and Lord Dalmeny and his brother, Neil Primrose, were also on her programme. If it was for the sake of effect she decided not to wear a single jewel, she certainly succeeded, the more so because on the occasion every woman in the room had on all her best jewels. Wherever she moved people asked who she was.

Mr. H. B. Irving, the elder son of the late Sir Henry Irving, supported by his wife, Dorothea Baird, and his London company, will make his first appearance in America at the New Amsterdam Theater in New York Monday evening, October 1, in a repertory of plays, opening with Stephen Phillips' romantic drama, "Paolo and Francesca." During his stay in America Mr. Irving will also be seen in "Mauressette," "Othello," "Lyon's Mail" and "Charles I." The last two plays are from his father's repertoire. Contrary to general belief, this will be Mr. Irving's first visit to America. It was Lawrence, the younger son, and not H. B. Irving, who supported Sir Henry in this country. H. B. Irving never appeared in his father's company. He was educated at Marlborough and New College, Oxford, taking the degree of B.A. in the Honor School of Modern History in 1891, and M.A. in 1895. It was his first intention to follow the law, but he soon abandoned the bar for the stage. Mr. Irving made his first appearance at the Garrick Theater in London in 1891, under John Hare's management, as "Lord Beaufoev" in a revival of Robertson's "School." He subsequently appeared in "The Fool's Paradise" at the Comedy Theater under Comyn Carl's management, and in the title role in Robert Buchanan's play, "Dick Sheridan." At this point in his career, he followed the course of his father, and abandoned the London stage and sought broader opportunities in the Provinces with Ben Greet's company. This provincial experience proved of immense value to the young actor. While in Mr. Greet's company he first met Miss Dorothea Baird, who was the original "Trilby" in England. They were married in 1896. Returning to London, Mr. Irving was engaged by George Alexander for his St. James' Theater company, where he remained for five years. In 1902 Mr. Irving joined Charles Frohman at the Duke of York's Theater. During the past two years Mr. Irving has played in London in his own company, making several important and successful productions. A short time ago he produced at Birmingham Stephen Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca," in which he will make his first appearance in America. Like his father and brother, Mr. Irving is a man of fine literary attainments. He is the author of "The Life of Judge Jeffries," "Studies



LAWRANCE D'ORSAY,
Who appears in "The Embassy Ball" at the Princess next week.

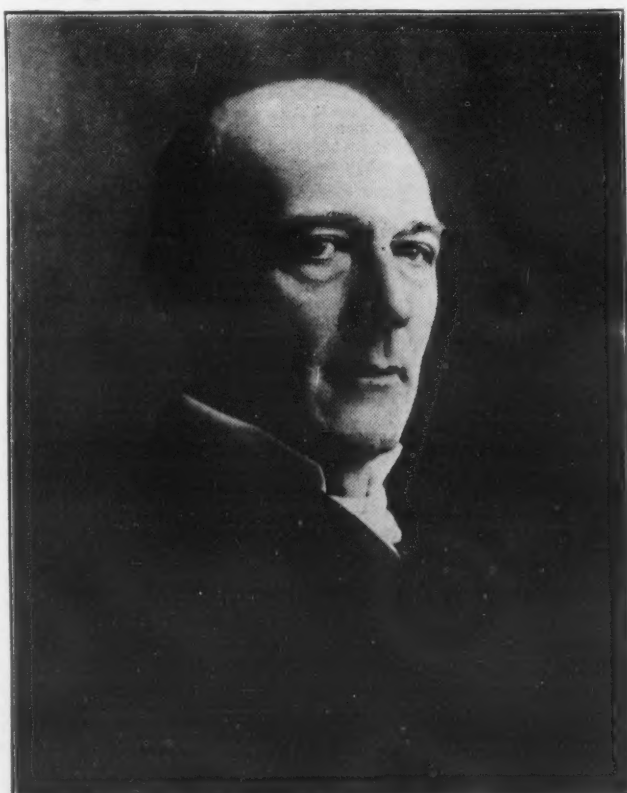
that his engagement to a lady of title in that country has been broken, promptly becomes engaged to an American girl, who, unknown to the "Captain," is the lady he helped in Paris, and who, instead of signing her own name to the license signed that of her intimate friend, who is momentarily expected to arrive in Washington from France. On her arrival she develops that she and the "Captain" have met in Paris. The "Captain" soon declares his love for her, in spite of the fact that he is already engaged to another girl, but before he has had a chance to make much headway with his suit for her hand, the trouble-making license turns up in Washington, and the complications that follow keep the "Captain" busy. Mr. D'Orsay plays the part of the slow-witted English "Captain," a character much like that played by him in "The Earl of Pawtucket." He is supported by an excellent company, including Harry Harwood, Josephine Drake, Forrest Robinson, Marion Barnev, Ida Darling, Rose Hubbard, Harold Heaton and Lyster Chambers.

There are people—many people—who are provoked to mirth more easily by the spectacle of a man slipping on a banana peeling than by comedy of a more subtle and suggestive character. The gentlemen responsible for the presentation of most of the so-called comic operas during the past few seasons seem possessed of the idea that the majority of the aftergoers belong to this class. It is therefore encouraging evidence that their belief is not altogether well-founded. "The Spring Chicken," although it comes in comic opera guise, appeals to the intelligence and to the sense of humor, and its appeal is successful. The principal, Mr. Richard Carle, is altogether unaffected and easy in his acting. He quite neglects to strain himself "to sustain the humorous vein of the piece." He even disregards the potentialities of make-up. Yet the Princess is being attended this week by large and delighted audiences. Even the hoarseness from which Mr. Carle is suffering, as the result of a severe cold does not appreciably mar the effect of his songs. In fact the humor of the performance, without being crudely obvious, is appreciated and is playing to good business at the box office. Let us hopefully pray that comic opera promoters will note the moral implied. There are quite a few people who prefer a good play to a poor one; give them a chance once in a while to indulge in their peculiar propensity.

droll humor. Miss Emma Janvier, as "Mrs. Girdle," shares the honors with the principal. As the acrid and suspicious wife, she is excellent, and her clever delineation evoked enthusiastic applause. Her song, "I Don't Know, But I Guess," came near to ranking as the most effective one in the production. Miss Bessie McCoy is one of the daintiest comedienne imaginable. She makes a delightful "Rosalie," her singing and dancing being marked by much grace of expression and of movement. Mr. Victor Morley, a well-appearing, well-mannered young man, who appeared in "The Prince of Pilsen," acceptably plays the role of "The Spring Chicken," the young Paris lawyer who, on the coming of spring, shaves off his beard, says good-bye to office, wife and mother-in-law, and goes in for a dizzy time.

Magician Kellar, who will appear at the Grand Opera House on Monday night, is too well and favorably known to need much by way of commendation to theatergoers of this city, but a word may be said about his new illusions, which, as given in former years, were admittedly the most perplexing and mystifying examples of the necromancer's art ever offered here. He has made a life-study of Oriental occultism, and this season advances still further into that weird field. He disdains the use of darkened stage, and will not use covers, curtains, screens, traps, wires, or other similar subterfuges resorted to by amateurs and performers of questionable skill. Of course the result he obtains is brought about by purely natural and mechanical means, but how he attains the means to the end is Kellar's secret. Apparently he has command of the forces of nature, and if he directs the law of gravity to step aside, he is seemingly obeyed; for example, inanimate articles of weight, as well as human beings, remain suspended in the air where his magic touch has placed them. A budget of new experiments in small magic will precede the greater illusions at each performance.

"Busy Izzy's Vacation" is attracting large houses at the Grand every night this week. It is a rollicking piece of fun that seems to appeal strongly to the patrons of this theater. George Sidney is the star, and his fun is more laugh-provoking than it has ever been in the past. Much attention has been given to the staging of the piece, especially in the second act. Carrie Webber, as "Broncho Nell," a rattling Western heiress, makes a decided hit with the audience. The chorus is large and quite effective,



KELLAR, THE MAGICIAN.
Who commences an engagement at the Grand on Monday night.

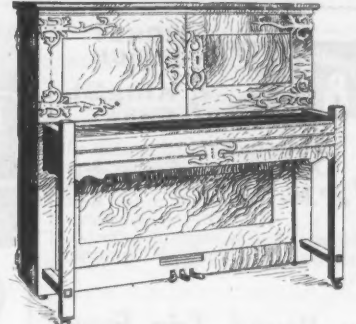
"Every note rings out in clear, pearly and limpid quality. It exalts any piano I have ever used."—ALBANI.

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Here we show an illustration of what is sometimes termed the "Library Design," or Dutch model, in Flemish oak, suitable for library or sitting room. Almost severely plain in its lines, it is yet particularly pleasing in design. The rigor of its ensemble is softened by that which, least of all, one would expect to exact a softening influence—the hinges—but it is remarkably effective in this one artistic touch. Solidity is the standard of all Dutch architecture, and this quaint design, whilst suggesting the old world in appearance, contains in its tonal qualities and inner mechanism the highest standard of piano construction.



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of French Criminals of the Nineteenth Century," and a volume of Occasional Papers, reprinted from various magazines, to be published this month.

Home-Made Advertisements.

Some "home-made" advertisements are quite amusing when they get into print. Here is the soul-thrilling announcement of an enterprising Nova Scotia merchant just as he keeps it standing in his own town paper:

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The Office Boy's Excuse.

"How is it you got back so late from your grandmother's funeral?" "It was a ten-inning game."—New York "Press."

In the Editor's Sanctum.

Poet—I have a little poem here I would like to show you. It is so pathetic that when I read it to my

mother, she cried.

Editor—You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Take your poem away and never make your mother cry again.—Translated from "Le Rire."

Neither Worth Much.

Artist (in country)—How much do I have to pay you for this glass of milk?

Farmer—Oh, it's not worth mentioning. Just paint a landscape for me, and we'll call it square.—Translated from "Fliegende Blätter."

Breaking It Gently.

"Doctor, my poor husband is very ill, is he not?"

"Yes, madame." "Please, doctor, when you are sure that there is no hope left, let me know, but in such a way that I won't understand."—Translated from "Le Rire."

An Alloy.

Grudge—That will be a fine marriage, a splendid alliance. The bride's father is rich. She just rolls in gold. The bridegroom is rich, too, he made a fortune in copper.

Bridge—That's not an alliance, it's an alloy.—Translated from "Le Rire."

An Accident.

Bystander—Come, cheer up, old man. You may not be so badly hurt after all!

Victim—How can I tell how badly hurt I am until after I have seen my lawyer?—Translated from "Le Rire."

She Knew.

Neighbor—Eggs are so dear in winter that I simply cannot afford to buy them.

Mrs. Newlywed—That's true. I'm going to lay in a big stock next summer, when they are cheap.—Translated from "Megendorfer Blätter."

Rouge.

He—How pale you are to-night, Miss Van Sieten? She (quickly)—I know it! Tell me one of your good stories, something that will make me blush.—Translated from "Le Rire."

Psyche.

A butterfly—they call you so, Those sombre folk who watch you go serenely on your airy way To dance and dinner, rout and play—

Where'er the blooms of pleasure grow, Perchance 'tis true, since high and low

I follow, as my masters may, The daintiest thing on earth to-day—

A butterfly. Oh, Psyche, this indeed I know: Those wings that sway you to and fro

Are youth and girlish laughter gay, Sweet winds of love, be kind, I pray,

And one day to this bosom blow

A butterfly.

—Theodosia Garrison. She—That's a beautiful watch! How much did it cost you? He—Six months in jail.—Translated from "Le Rire."

PRINCESS

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Not Intended.

He (after introduction)—Allow me to inform you that I am the last of the great family of the Van Siltens. She (thoughtlessly)—Delighted to hear it, I'm sure!—Translated from "Le Rire."

ONT
nounc
Elga
invit
E. H
real during the will conduct the "The Kingdom" concert. The citizens of Toronto in pulling the Edward Elgar to not, of course, w deducing any orate of our local soci termed upon, of giving him ar tion.

In the course had the other Persse Smith on church organs pressed himself instrument in St. Dr. Smith, soon tried this organ city. His impre own words: "Pi ful instrument, Toronto excelled rections to as g does in the mak I have fortunatel in a place where ment will be Smith is right in St. Michael's C one of the fine in Canada, judg standard of wh should be.

Both Mottl have frequently qualified admirat sic, yet at the were guilty of voked the censu schek. He decl it was his turn at his friends in undignified man got to come in a Saint-Saens had the Mozart con tunately, the or tive, and ato As for Strauss, at friends in th was conducting was all serious Beethoven and once seemed to zart music was more modern c "simply because the task more a all their energ

It does not so to this critic th been another re of the audience. most of Mozart's concert hall and considered antiq "good form" to everything he v not conceal its subject. English point can be a few sentences "World": "Mei zart in a compa there will be a and a turning which seem to of every one p sacred to the r poser. Play theater with ar stars, and, unles low, there will empty seats. long since give tempt to popula Of Mozart's op the "Magic Flu terworks. The try to keep al given, amateur "turn their eye stay at home.

"Why should produce nearly of this country: "Evening Post," Lillian Nordica, three of them, that the young whom all Euro ing in terms Farrar—was als South Paris. the other day val at Salzburg, Viennese critic, wrote of her o cal: "The brill the hearts of f storm. Two d pearance it w Salzburg to her. This fact a long descripti has made here. scribe her in a sounds dark at another; her a facts one as b sparkling, fickle must be a fine in comic opera no." The Devi and similar wo treat of the fir prove to be the of Miss Rena Opera in Vient

The twelfth Pittsburg Orch Emil Paur, c twenty-four w



MONTREAL papers announce that Sir Edward Elgar has accepted the invitation of Dr. Charles E. Harris to visit Montreal during the coming spring, and will conduct there his latest work, "The Kingdom," at the Philharmonic concert. The representative musicians of Toronto should lose no time in pulling the wires to induce Sir Edward Elgar to come to Toronto, not, of course, with the view of producing any oratorio of his, the plans of our local societies being fully determined upon, but with the object of giving him an appreciative reception.

In the course of a conversation I had the other evening with Dr. J. Perse Smith on the subject of the church organs of Toronto, he expressed himself delighted with the instrument in St. Michael's Cathedral. Dr. Smith, soon after his arrival here, tried this organ among others in the city. His impression is voiced in his own words: "Playing on this beautiful instrument, it struck me that if Toronto excelled in other musical directions to as great a degree as she does in the making of church organs, I have fortunately taken up my abode in a place where the artistic environment will be very grateful." Dr. Smith is right in his estimate of the St. Michael's Cathedral organ; it is one of the finest toned instruments in Canada, judged from the highest standard of what a church organ should be.

Both Mottl and Richard Strauss have frequently expressed their unqualified admiration of Mozart's music, yet at the Mozart Festival they were guilty of conduct which provoked the censure of Richard Wallaschek. He declares that Mottl, when it was his turn to conduct, smirked at his friends in the audience in an undignified manner, and that he forgot to come in at the right place after Saint-Saens had played a cadenza in the Mozart concerto in hand. Fortunately, the orchestra was more attentive, and atoned for his neglect. As for Strauss, he, too, kept smiling at friends in the audience while he was conducting Mozart, whereas he was most serious while interpreting Beethoven and Bruckner. The audience seemed to be glad when the Mozart music was done with and the more modern composers' turn came, "simply because the conductors took the task more seriously and devoted all their energies to winning success."

It does not seem to have occurred to this critic that there might have been another reason for this attitude of the audience. As a matter of fact, most of Mozart's music—both for the concert hall and the opera house—is considered antiquated, and while it is "good form" to pretend to admire everything he wrote, the public cannot conceal its real feelings on the subject. English testimony on this point can be adduced by citing a few sentences from the London "World": "Mention the name of Mozart in a company of musicians, and there will be an uplifting of hands and a turning heavenward of eyes which seem to show that, in the heart of every one present, there is a shrine sacred to the memory of that composer. Play Mozart at a London theater with anything but a cast of stars, and unless the prices are very low, there will be a dismal array of empty seats. Covent Garden has long since given up any serious attempt to popularize his operas here." Of Mozart's operas, "Don Juan" and the "Magic Flute" are immortal masterworks. The others it is useless to try to keep alive. When they are given, amateurs, the world over, "turn their eyes heavenward" and stay at home.

"Why should the State of Maine produce nearly all the great singers of this country?" asks the New York "Evening Post." "Annie Louise Cary, Lillian Nordica, and Emma Eames are three of them, and now it appears that the young American soprano to whom all Europe is at present talking in terms of rapture—Geraldine Farrar—was also born in Maine, at South Paris. Miss Farrar took part the other day in the Mozart Festival at Salzburg, and what the eminent Viennese critic, Richard Wallaschek, wrote of her on this occasion is typical: 'The brilliant Miss Farrar took the hearts of the festival public by storm. Two days impossible in all Salzburg to buy another picture of her. This fact indicates better than a long description the impression she has made here.' It is not easy to describe her in a few words. Her voice sounds dark at one time, bright at another; her artistic personality affects one as being both serious and sparkling, fickle and faithful. She must be a fine 'Carmen,' to hear her in comic opera, in 'The Black Domino,' and similar works must be an artistic treat of the first degree. She might prove to be the long-sought successor of Miss Renard for the Imperial Opera in Vienna."

The twelfth regular season of the Pittsburgh Orchestra, the third with Emil Paur, conductor, will cover twenty-four weeks, four more than

ever before. The following soloists have been engaged for the Pittsburgh series: Bessie Abbott, Emma Eames, Louise Homer, Schumann-Heink, G. Campanari, and Alois Burgstaller, singers; Alexander Petschnikoff and Luigi von Kunits, violinists; Rudolf Ganz, Joseph Lehvinne, Emil Paur, and Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, pianists, and Henry Bramsen, violoncellist. The orchestra outside of Pittsburgh will be more active than in the past, series of concerts having been arranged in Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa and elsewhere. The orchestra will visit New York city for the first time in five years, where two concerts will be given in association with the Mendelssohn Choir (225 mixed voices), of Toronto, on February 12 and 13; Beethoven's Ninth Symphony will be included in the programme of February 12. The orchestra will also visit Boston and other New England cities for the first time.

Mr. R. C. Merton has been engaged to play at High Park Golf Club on Saturday evenings during the remainder of the season.

The Huron street primary branch of the Toronto Conservatory of Music will reopen on October 1, at No. 6 Washington avenue. For further particulars apply at the Conservatory of Music.

Invitations have been issued by the Conservatory School of Expression for a Shakespeare recital by members of the faculty on Friday evening, September 28, in the concert hall. Musical numbers will be contributed by members of the faculty of the Conservatory of Music.

The Conservatory School of Expression will reopen for the fall term on Tuesday, October 2. The faculty includes Mr. F. H. Kirkpatrick, Ph.B., principal; Miss Florence Emilie Lutz, who will return to Toronto after spending the summer as a member of the summer school faculty of the Boston School of Expression; Miss Adelaide M. Heath, who has been directing the physical culture at the Chautauque at Westchester, Pa., and Mr. Douglas A. Paterson, the dramatic editor of the "News," and formerly a member of the company of the eminent actor, Mr. Henry Miller. Complete courses are offered in expression, voice culture, literature and dramatic art. Night classes will also be formed in each of these subjects. In addition, thorough courses are offered in argumentation, debating and public speaking.

Dr. Torrington has commenced rehearsing Max Bruch's "The Cross of Fire" with the Festival Chorus in earnest. There was a most satisfactory attendance of the members of the Chorus at the College of Music on Tuesday evening. Portions of the "Stabat Mater" and the "Messiah" were also rehearsed, and the result convinced Dr. Torrington that he will have a most efficient body of singers this season.

The Toronto Male Chorus Club held their annual meeting on Monday evening at the Conservatory of Music. The society was reorganized with the following officers elected for the ensuing year: Honorary president, W. H. Brouse; president, T. H. Lister; 1st vice-president, Reginald F. Argles; 2nd vice-president, W. M. Douglas; honorary treasurer, E. S. Dimock; librarian, E. C. Tyrrell; executive committee, Thomas Bilton, J. Fraser MacDonald, E. P. Beatty, J. Alexander, Frank E. Blachford and S. B. Brush, with power to add to their numbers. Mr. J. D. A. Tripp will again wield the baton, and will receive applications from all past or prospective members at the Conservatory of Music until October 1. Those wishing to join the organization are recommended to make application at once.

Miss Clara Clemens, the talented daughter of "Mark Twain," is to make her American debut as a concert singer at a recital to be given September 22 at Norfolk, Conn. She is to be assisted by Marie Nichols, the Boston violinist. Miss Clemens, who is said to possess a remarkably pure and sweet contralto voice, has



Visitor—Well, Harold, what are you going to be when you grow up?
Harold—Oh, I'm going to be a sailor; but baby's only going to be just an ordinary father.

devoted herself to music since a child, her residence abroad with her father having afforded her exceptional opportunities. Her professional debut was made in Florence, where her work was warmly praised.

Fannu Bloomfield Ziesler, the distinguished pianist, has returned from Europe with her health quite restored. She will give a series of recitals throughout the United States during the season, and may be heard in the principal Canadian cities.

"The Spring Chicken," the musical comedy running this week at the Princess Theater, is quite a hybrid production. With a book adapted from the French and with English music and a lot of American interpolations, the mixture is incongruous. It is brightly mounted, and with a large chorus of girls attractively dressed—a few of them partly undressed—and the humorous dialogue of the comedians, the entertainment is one that pleases the public. Ivan Caryll, the composer of the English music, has not produced anything in this work worthy of mention. His tunes are of the jingly dance order. The solo voices are poor, but even if the company could boast of better singers there would not be much worthy of their powers.

Leoncavallo, with his company of singers and orchestral players, will be here on October 18 for one concert only, at Massey Hall. His visit will no doubt arouse as much curiosity as did that of his famous fellow-countryman and rival, Mascagni.

Mr. George Fox, the young Canadian virtuoso of the violin, has taken up his residence in Toronto, believing this city to be the most advantageous center from which to do business. He has contracted for a three months' tour in the Southern States, but will be in Toronto at regular intervals during that period. Miss Nora Clench, his fellow-pupil with the late Mr. Baumann of Hamilton, is meeting with great success in England with her Ladies' Quartette. They were engaged as one of the star attractions at a leading English festival recently.

Mr. J. D. Richardson has returned from his three months' trip to Europe and resumed his position as baritone soloist and leader of Broadway Tabernacle Choir. Mr. Richardson has re-commenced his vocal teaching at the Toronto College of Music, 14 Pembroke street, and at the west-end branch of the college, corner of College street and Spadina avenue.

CHERUBINO.

Some Honks.

He who maims and speeds away will live to drive another day. Faint-hearted driver never won fair lady.
"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt, thaw and resolve itself into a dew"—so as not to make a jar when the machine strikes it.
Don't cry over spilt milk—he thankful it wasn't gasoline.
Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to let them know you got it in a raffle.
Man wants but little here below. (This makes no reference to the police judge.)
A very ancient and fishlike smell. A bribe in time saves a fine.

There is so much bad in the best of them;
There is so much good in the worst of them,
That it does not behoove us owners of any of them
To talk about the machines of the rest of them.

—Life.

September in Muskoka.

The month that is most delightful in the Highlands. Leave Toronto on 11.30 a.m. Muskoka Express via Grand Trunk Railway. Tourist tickets and Saturday to Monday special tickets on sale at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

They Always Do.

"So Grace came back from the shore engaged to a mere clerk? I thought she had so many big catches hovering around."
"She did, poor girl, but the biggest ones got away."—Pittsburg "Post."

One Difficulty.

Knicker—Do you believe in federal ownership of railroads?
Bocker—Yes; but the porters would not give up without a struggle.—New York "Sun."

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A gentleman was disturbed in his rest in the middle of the night by someone knocking on the street door. "Who's there?" he asked.
"A friend," was the answer.
"What do you want?"
"I want to stay here all night."
"All right, stay there, by all means," was the benevolent reply.—"Judge."

Correct.
Teacher—I have explained to you, children, what the fabrics we wear are made of. Now, Johnnie, tell me what your suit is made of.
Johnnie—Father's old trousers.—Translated from "Meggendorfer Blatter."

Overdoing It.
"Darling, whenever I take a drink out of this beautiful glass I shall think of you."
"Don't think of me too often."
Translated from "Meggendorfer Blatter."

Youth can buy nothing half so precious as what it sells.—"Life."

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BRYAN THE STORY TELLER

WILLIAM J. BRYAN is a good story-teller. Besides punctuating his speeches with homely anecdotes, he enlivens his conversation by recounting stories possessed of the merit of having a good point.

Mr. Bryan's stories fall into two classes; those he has gleaned at home and the recent acquisitions from foreign sources, which he carefully selected and stored away for future reference during his trip around the globe. The anecdotes that smack of the red soil of Nebraska are the best for political speeches. The tales that came to him in Japan, India or Turkey he reserves for the private ears of his friends.

In his speech at New Haven and again in Newark, Mr. Bryan used an anecdote to illustrate what Mr. Bryan says the Republican party has been doing to excuse its failure to curb the trusts. When he launches this yarn he pulls down the corners of his mouth in a quizzical manner, affects a drawl and slowly moves his head from side to side, as if his was the 'ask to recite the obituary over the body of one lately departed.

"There was once a man," goes Mr. Bryan's story, "who was sued in court for returning with a crack across the bottom of it, a kettle he had borrowed from a neighbor. The neighbor was very angry.

"The man who was sued put up three defences. First he said that he hadn't borrowed the kettle. Then when that failed he said that the kettle was cracked when he borrowed it. And finally when his second argument was disproved he said that he had mended the crack before he returned the kettle.

"And that," concludes Mr. Bryan, "is the way the Republican party defends itself against the charge of not keeping its promises on the subject of trust regulation.

The Nebraskan's argument that the Republicans draw campaign funds out of the pockets of the men who find the high tariff to their advantage he finds well illustrated by a story which is not altogether new. After explaining his belief that no Republican dare touch the present tariff for fear of offending those who, he alleges, contribute the money for the campaign work, Mr. Bryan tells the following:

There was once a man who went into a clothing store. He stole a coat and started to run down the street. The clothing dealer hurried out into the street and shouted "Stop thief!" but the thief would not stop.

Then the clothier appealed to a policeman, and the policeman shouted "Stop thief!" but the thief would not stop. Then the policeman drew his revolver and shouted to the fleeing thief, "Stop, or I'll fire!" Then the excited clothier cried out to the policeman:

"Shoot him in the pants; the coat belongs to me!"

"So there you are," concludes Mr. Bryan after reciting his anecdote. "The Republican party don't dare to shoot the thieves trusts in the coat, because the coat belongs to them. They don't dare to shoot the trusts in the pants, because the pants belong to them. They don't dare to shoot anywhere for fear of hitting something that belongs to them."

Mr. Bryan sometimes makes jokes at the expense of himself and of the issues on which he has met defeat. While he was being taken over to Newark on the third day of his stay in New York he told the newspaper men this tale:

"My former campaigns and the results that came of them remind me of a man who came out to Nebraska

to take up a farm," said he. "This man was a greenhorn, and he did not know much about the cyclones that sometimes visit our prairies. But he had some sort of wisdom.

"He put a strange looking wooden fence about his place that looked like a chicken coop. It was built in a triangular shape. A farmer drove by when this greenhorn was putting up his fence, and commented upon its apparent instability.

"Why, the first good wind that comes along," he said 'will blow your fence over like jackstraws.'

"Oh, all right," said the greenhorn, who was also an optimist. 'My fence is five feet broad at the bottom and four feet high. If it blows over it will be a foot higher than it is now.'

"That's what I hope my political fence is like," said Bryan, with a laugh.

Another Bryan story was lifted bodily by Congressman Lentz in his speech at New Haven on August 31. Mr. Lentz was busily holding the crowd until Mr. Bryan should appear from the meeting of the New England Democrats in the Tontine Hotel, across the street, so the use of the Bryan thunder was, perhaps, permissible.

"There was once a funeral out in Nebraska—so runs this yarn—and the preacher who had been asked to deliver the eulogy was a stranger in town and did not know the departed sister very well. So after he had said all that he could he suggested that if anybody else could say a few words about the poor dead sister it would be a good thing to say them.

Three or four of those who had known the deceased in her lifetime made appropriate remarks. Then there was a pause. At last one old brother rose and said:

"Well, if we're all through speaking about the departed sister I will now make a few brief remarks on the tariff."

Mr. Bryan enters into the spirit of his stories with great gusto, gesticulating with his hands and modulating his voice to suit the periods. His eyes are expressive. They light up before the point of the story is reached and his play actor's mouth trembles into a smile.

When the point of the story comes each word is enunciated slowly and distinctly with a lingering emphasis on each, as if the narrator was loath to come so soon to the end of his tale.

After he had been interviewed for the last time by the newspaper men who had followed him about on his journeys out of New York, Mr. Bryan, remembering that he was once a reporter and not forgetful of the difficulties that sometimes beset the path of the interviewer, told the newspaper men about how he was once interviewed in a rapid fire manner in Louisville, after he had been defeated the second time for the Presidency.

"A young man bustled up to me with his pad all ready," said Mr. Bryan, "and announced that he had been sent by his city editor to interview me.

"Mr. Bryan, are you going to run again for President?" he asked.

"Well," said I, "in view of the fact that I have been defeated within two weeks it would be hard to answer that question."

"All right, scratch that. Now, Mr. Bryan, what will be the next platform of the Democratic party?"

"I certainly am not in a position to tell."

"He drew another line through his pad."

"Now, Mr. Bryan, what person do

you think will be available to run for President on the Democratic ticket if you do not run again?"

"Again I cannot answer that question," I replied with earnestness.

"All right, Mr. Bryan; much obliged; pleased to have met you; good-bye."

"Now there was a man who had done what he had been told to do," concluded Mr. Bryan with a hearty laugh.

The Commoner relates with great glee, one incident that befell him in Japan. He went to one of the temples in Tokio to see the shrines of some of Japan's departed statesmen. It was at Shiba Park, where the most beautiful of the Tokugawa temples are located.

This was the first Japanese temple that Mr. Bryan had ever visited. He was accompanied by several dignitaries of the municipality of Tokio, who had come to act as an escort of honor.

At the temple door the Japanese gentlemen began to remove their shoes, according to unalterable custom. Mr. Bryan took off his Oxford ties and was horrified to find that most of the great toe and part of the second toe of one of his feet were protruding boldly from his sock. There was no help for it; the great American statesman, with his guard of honor, had to patter over the bronze floors of the shrines at Shiba with two toes exposed.

"Never have I felt the lack of dignity so much as on that occasion," says Mr. Bryan. "Anyway, I bought the socks in Japan, and that accounts for the fact that such a hole could be worn between the time I put them on in the morning and the time I took off my shoes at the temple door in the afternoon."

There's Music in My Heart To-Day.

There's music in my heart to-day; The master hand is on the keys, Calling me up to the windy hills, And down to the purple seas.

Let time draw back when I hear that tune— Old to the soul when the stars were new— And swing the doors to the four great winds, That my feet may wander through.

North or south, and east or west; Over the rim with the belled sails, From the mountains' feet to the empty plains, Or down the silent trails—

It matters not which door you choose; The same clear tune blows through them all, Though one heart leaps to the grind of seas, And one to the rainbird's call.

However you hide in the the city's din And drown your ears with its siren songs, Some day steal in those thin, wild notes, And you leave the foolish throngs.

God grant that the day will find me not When the tune shall mellow and thrill in vain— So long as the plains are red with sun And the woods are black with rain.

—Lloyd Roberts in "Outing."

Roses and Nightingales.

"Of all the auctioneers who have swayed the hammer from the days of Augustus Caesar to the present time," says the "Saturday Evening Post," "the most famous was George Robins of London." Of his exceptional ability we are informed further by the writer:

To a fine person, we are told, he added mind, education, and a rare knowledge of men. He made the sale of a library a continuous literary lecture. Possessing rare elocutionary gifts; reading with exquisite taste passages from the books he was selling with brief biographies and criticisms of their authors; reciting hexameters from Greek and Roman classics, and reading passages from humorous writers with a tone and air so ludicrous as to set the room in a roar of laughter, he often won higher prices for books than those obtained at the shops. An amusing example of his adroitness in extolling an estate is the language with which he once closed a highly-colored description of one he was selling. For a few moments he paused, and then said:

"And now, gentlemen, having given a truthful description of this magnificent estate, candor compels me to allow that it has two drawbacks: the litter of the rose-leaves and the noise of the nightingales."

Fooled the Bishop.

One morning Haines, the English comic actor, was seized by a couple of bailiffs, in an action for a debt of £20, as the bishop of Ely was passing in his coach. Quoth Joe to the bailiffs:

"Gentlemen, here's my cousin, the Bishop of Ely, going into the house; let me but speak to him, and he will pay the debt and charges."

The bailiffs thought they might venture that, as they were within three or four yards of him. So up goes Joe to the coach, pulling off his hat, and got close to it. The bishop ordered the coach to stop, while Joe said softly:

"My lord, here are two poor men, who have such great scruples of conscience that I fear they'll hang themselves."

"Very well," said the bishop. So

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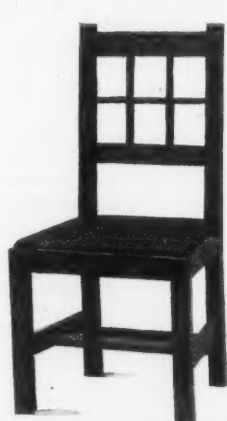
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calling the two bailiffs, he said:

"You two men come to me to-morrow morning, and I'll satisfy you."

The two men bowed and went away; Joe, hugging himself with his fallacious device, also went his way.

In the morning the bailiffs, expecting the debt and charges, repaired to the bishop's; when, being introduced:

"Well," said the bishop, "what are your scruples of conscience?"

"Scruples!" said the bailiffs; "we are bailiffs, my lord, who yesterday arrested your cousin, Joe Haines, for £20. Your lordship promised to satisfy us to-day, and we hope your lordship will be as good as your word."

The worthy bishop, reflecting that his honor and name would be exposed if he complied not, discharged the debt and all the costs.

Beamed Too Soon.

It fell to the lot of 5-year-old Wallace Stewart, being the third son in rapid succession, to sift the family ashes, as his brothers had done before

him. One morning the boy was told by his beaming father that a baby had arrived the night before. Wallace also beamed, much to his parent's gratification.

"And just think! it is our first little girl!"

Wallace smile vanished and he scowled like a pirate.

"A girl!" as if it were the synonym for all that was opprobrious. "Geel must I always sift ashes?"—"Lippincott's Magazine."

The Pessimist.

"Alas!" moaned the man in the Slough of Despond, when Christian came near to him.

"Why do you sigh?" inquired Christian, with that ingenious curiosity which helped out so much in the Pilgrim's Progress.

"I see no future for any of us," wailed the man in the Slough of Despond.

"Be of good cheer, my friend," counselled Christian, "After a while

we will be dramatized; the Man with the Muck Rake will get into literature and politics; and there will be no telling what individual lines of publicity may not be opened for each of us."

But the man merely walked on and on into the Slough of Despond.

Popular Science.

"Have you seen Professor Gobbleston, the scientist, lately?"

"Yes, I listened to him for more than an hour at the club last night."

"Indeed! What was he talking about?"

"He didn't say."—"Tit-Bits."

Giving a Guess.

"What's this art preservation I read so much about?"

"Knowing how to put up canned goods, I s'pose."—"Pittsburg Post"

Poets are born, not paid.—Philadelphia "Record."

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The two most variable things in the world are a woman's mind and a Central American republic.

Opportunity knocks but once—but the man who fails to heed it usually knocks forever after.

The most intense heat known to psychologists is that produced by the friction of a nickel against a small boy's pocket.

People who are always anxious to give the devil his due seldom show a corresponding solicitude for their other creditors.

Pride goeth before a collision and the chauffeur before a magistrate.

The real race problem: Picking the winner.

The rule of three: Two's company,—"Smart set."

Those Wise Glaswegians.

In Glasgow, that city of modern civic ideals, they have hit on a new way of getting even with the festive autoist who doesn't mind a fine. They impound the auto for from 30 to 60 days. Talk about the wisdom of Solomon!—Ottawa "Journal."

Not Finding Fault

"So you never find fault with your wife's cooking?" "I should say not," answered Mr. Meekton. "When my wife condescends to cook I say everything I can to encourage her."—Washington "Star."

Foregone Conclusion.

Mrs. Ash—John has taken the greatest fancy lately to patting every baby he sees on the street.

Friend—What office is he going to run for?—Detroit "Free Press."

The Man from the East

THE Man from the East stepped on the westbound train. He always was a companionable sort of a chap, so he went from coach to coach looking for some cheerful looking stranger with whom he could sit down and dissect Alberta.

From one end of the train to the other the Man from the East walked, but although there were plenty of strangers and all seemed cheerful, they all were engaged talking either to men with bargains in lands, or to friends of men who didn't want to sell, but were compelled to do so by unavoidable circumstances. By the time the Man from the East reached the colonist car he decided to ride without company, so he seated himself, lighted a cigar, and watched the varying scenery as the train roared westward.

At Cochrane, one of those prides of the North-West, a mounted policeman, came on the train. He was tall and lean, with broad shoulders and narrow waist, and was clad in a tight-fitting jacket of the king's own scarlet and blue trousers, with a gold strip down the seam. On his heels glittered the bright steel spurs, while from the cartridge belt round his waist a heavy revolver swung. Set well on the back of his head was one of those hats that give such a devil-may-care expression to some men's faces, a sombrero. Taking to him all round the guardian of the peace was as striking a figure as one would see in a long day's travel. With dignity he seated himself beside the Man from the East, and with some difficulty, and the use of good cigars, the Man from the East persuaded him to enter into conversation. He proved to be a very agreeable travelling companion, and the Man from the East congratulated himself. Tales of horse thieves and drunken Indians, smugglers, and hold-up men made the time pass all too swiftly; nearer and darker grew the mountains, and soon the door opened and the announcement, "Morley is the next station," disturbed the flow of reminiscences.

"Here," said the policeman, "is where we see the Stony Indians, the best outfit of red men in the north-west. The Indians of the reserves farther east and south are in these days an outfit of shiftless vagabonds. The bucks lie around their tepees and smoke cigarettes, while their squaws do all the work. Consequently the one-time braves of a few years ago are fast dying off, death usually being caused by some pulmonary disease. Now these Indians here own good horses, get out and hunt and work, take care of themselves, and are as fine specimens of Indians as they were in the old days. Their squaws will scarcely talk to a white man. They are as hard to get acquainted with as a forty-year old school teacher who has become sour on mankind. The door opened and down the aisle came one of the most aboriginal-looking aborigines that the Man from the East had yet laid eyes on. Round the head was wrapped a gaudy handkerchief, and the glossy black hair hung down, braided in tight braids, tied at the ends with strips of rabbit skins. From the ends of the braids, and from the ears small pink shells were suspended, while round the neck was a string of brass beads from which hung a great pink shell nearly as large as a saucer. From chin to heels was wrapped a gorgeous blanket, fastened round the waist by a brass studded leather belt. Below the edge of the blanket moccasined feet and buckskin-clad ankles could be seen.

The Man from the East, who considered himself pretty smooth where ladies were concerned, and who wished to make an impression on the mounted policeman, whispered: "Watch me get acquainted with her." He arose and seated himself beside the Indian, who had taken a seat opposite.

"Smoke?" he inquired, passing a cigar.

"Ugh!" grunted his victim, the brown face nearly as expressive as a slab of rusty sheet-iron. The cigar was accepted, and was soon burning fiercely.

"Talk English?"

The gaudy handkerchief shook negatively. "Me friend. Good fellow," stated the Man from the East, while the child of the prairies looked abstractedly out of the window, and the policeman coughed convulsively in a handkerchief.

"Nunoyah," was the grunted reply, as the red one still gazed at the flying landscape.

"Got papoose?" persisted the questioner. No reply from the passenger from Morley.

"I love papooses," affirmed the Man from the East. "Why didn't you bring yours with you? I thought you Indian ladies always carried your youngsters on your backs wherever you went."

The smoker glanced at the interrogator, but was silent.

"I think," purred the Man from the East, "that you are the prettiest little squaw that I ever laid eyes on. Come, be sociable and talk. I believe you can." And he shook a finger playfully under the red nose.

The owner of the red nose arose with slow dignity.

"White man dam' fool," he stated

in very plain English. "Me chief. White man squaw himself."

And he removed his insulted self to another seat.

The Man from the East glanced at the convulsed policeman, who was suffocating in the seat across the aisle, and his face went from pink to purple.

"How in Hades was I to know?" he demanded angrily. Then he grinned sheepishly and sat watching the policeman, hoping he would smother to death.—Calgary "Herald."

Proved it on the Spot.

The following characteristic anecdote is told by a writer in the "World's Work" concerning E. C. Potter, the sculptor:

"I saw him one evening paying a call upon comparative strangers. A plaster cast of a horse stood at one side of the room, a little piece full of poetic imagination, but done loosely and sketchily. Mr. Potter sat down, but his gaze kept returning to that horse."

"He hardly heard what was being said to him as he studied it again and again. At last his interest in it broke out. He jumped up and walked across."

"Of course, it has feeling," said he quite irrelevantly. "I like it. But look at that head."

"His fingers travelled sensitively over the plaster."

"No horse was ever constructed in that way. He simply couldn't have those great holes over his eyes."

"As he felt it he warmed up more and more."

"Why, come out here and I'll show you," he exclaimed.

"So he took his companion out to where his own horse was standing and regardless of the mud and slush of a winter night, got down off the porch to show by the lantern light the bony processes that really modified the cavity in question."

A Limit.

He—Before we were married you told me you would trust to judgment in everything in the world.

She—I know, but that did not mean that you could ask me to wear my last year's hat at Easter. —Translated from "Meggendorfer Blatter."

Clothes and the Man.

We of London have before our eyes every day the evidence of that influence of clothes upon the man. Some of the motor omnibus companies provide their conductors with smart uniforms; some of them do not. The resultant and contrasting conduct is striking. One set of conductors wear filthy clothes, keep filthy hands, and are altogether unpleasant neighbors for a clean man or a daintily dressed woman. The other set preserve a certain dignity, evince a lofty courtesy, and never let their hands give away their cloth. They know they are well dressed—and therefore must "behave as such."

Motormania

	\$	C.
HAVE a motor-runabout, And I have often wondered How I could ever do without My car, which cost	800	00
It plays me many a little joke; I well recall my fix When my left steering-spindle broke— That cost exactly	6	00
The other day I broke my chain, It gave me trouble, plenty; But still, I oughtn't to complain, It only cost	4	20
My carburetor wouldn't work— I tried till I was blue; An expert gave it just one jerk And charged	3	22
She went so fast, when this was done, She seemed to be alive! And then—my pump refused to run! A new one cost me	5	00
And I was happy—just a day, And then my joy was o'er! My battery failed. I had to pay For cells	1	44
I thought that I had known the worst, And dared to laugh at fate; When suddenly my tire was burst; New shoe cost	38	00
And then my radiator went; A new one	27	00
Repairs to brake, a lever bent, A dust-cap	2	11
And now I was a little vexed; My lamps went back on me! It was my generator, next; They stuck me	13	03
This tinkering with my machine Was but because I blundered; With garage, oil, and gasoline, I spent another	100	00
TOTAL:		
But still, I've had a month of fun, Despite repair-shop rows, and After it all is said and done, I've only spent	1,000	00
—Gelett Burgess, in Smart Set.		

A Star at School

THE rapid rise of Mrs. Leslie Carter, from the minor position which she occupied in the theatrical world a few years ago to her present high standing, is the subject of an article in "Human Life." Her success is attributed to her two years of seclusion and study under the advice and instruction of David Belasco. Says "Human Life":

It was at the Broadway Theater in New York, November 10, 1890, that Mrs. Carter was introduced to the public in Paul Potter's production, "The Ugly Duckling."

The three years that followed show an indifferent record in various steps from the "Duckling" to "Miss Heylett."

And then—a blank!

Mrs. Leslie Carter disappeared!

For two years she was lost to the public. It was a period sufficient for her floundering three years behind the footlights to be in the main forgotten. It was likewise sufficient to produce a metamorphosis that astounded Broadway when one morning in 1895 she smilingly reappeared.

It was David Belasco who led her by the hand, Belasco whose new play scheduled for an early appearance had already caused a ripple.

It was in this same production that New York had been treated to a mystery. Who had been selected for the stirring heroine's role?

The future of the "Heart of Maryland" had been granted instinctively. But who was to be given the vigorous lead, with its tremendous possibilities?

A genuine sensation was precipitated by the answer. To the unknown Mrs. Carter had fallen the plum.

And then the secret of her two years' retirement was out. She had been to school! And such a school! For instructor she had the playwright and manager Belasco. For text-books she had studied the lines of fifty-eight standard productions. For an audience, her mirror!

For two years she had worked on an average of ten and twelve hours per day in the vigorous determination to make of herself an actress, an actress to be hailed as a star. And with rare instinct she had realized that the qualifications she lacked were to be gained, not on, but off the stage!

And the one man who was capable of giving to her the realization of her ambition heartily agreed with her. Belasco listened to her plan, put a query or two and then nodded the assent which sent her to two years of exile.

And was it worth while? It took Broadway just two nights, one in which to recover from the astonishment of the first, to decide emphatically that it had been!

The success of the "Heart of Maryland" and the new Mrs. Leslie Carter was instantaneously assured.

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Codou's French Vermicelli**

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The Cradle, Aitar and the Tomb

Births.

PHIN—At 227 Carlton street, on Wednesday, September 19, to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Phin, a son.

FOWLER—Toronto, September 27, Mrs. W. George Fowler, a daughter.

BELL—Toronto, September 15, Mrs. James Bell, a son.

BOWEN—Toronto, September 13, Mrs. Bertram H. Bowen, a daughter.

HAMILTON—Toronto, September 13, Mrs. F. A. E. Hamilton, a daughter.

Marriages.

GORDON—MERRITT—At St. Thomas' Church, St. Catharines, on Tuesday, September 11, by the Rev. N. I. Perry, Alexander Douglas Gordon, Esq., of Toronto, to Helen Emily, youngest daughter of the late J. P. Merritt, of "Oak Hill," St. Catharines, and granddaughter of the Hon. William Hamilton Merritt.

SMITH—STURDEVANT—At St. Anne's Church, on Saturday afternoon, September 15, 1906, by the Rev. Lawrence E. Skeg, M.A., Bessie, daughter of Mrs. M. Sturdevant, to Richard Sid Smith, both of Toronto.

McCRANEY—COWAN—Toronto, September 17, Miss Elizabeth Janet Cowan to Mr. George Ewan McCrane.

SOMERVILLE—WATSON—Toronto, September 19, Miss Elgan Watson to Mr. David Somerville.

WALKER—NOBLE—Toronto, September 17, Miss Evelyn M. Noble to Mr. H. O. Walker.

Deaths.

ATHERSTONE—Toronto, September 19, Nelson Edwin Atherstone, aged 28 years.

BELTON—Toronto, September 15, Reynold Marvin Belton, aged one month and three days.

BOWEN—Toronto, September 15, Edmund Herbert Bowen, aged two years and nine months.

CARSCALLEN—Hamilton, September 16, Henry Carscallen, K.C., M.L.A., aged 61 years.

GOODERHAM—Toronto, September 16, Mrs. Sarah K. Gooderham, aged 77 years.

WALLACE—Toronto, September 15, Mrs. David Wallace, aged 68 years.

WILLIAMS—Toronto, September 18, Miss Jessie Williams.

Canada's Imperial Ideal.

Mr. Greenwood, if he makes good use of his time while in Canada, will take back with him a valuable estimate of the Dominion—one which will enable him to judge accurately of the Canadian news and views cabled to the English newspapers. He will realize that this country as a whole is not to be judged by its more bumptious imperialists or its scattered disciples of separation, but by a much more numerous class, numbering almost the entire population, who look forward to healthful expansion and enlarged self-government, a growth in harmony with the Churchill "defensive league of free democratic communities" held together by bonds at once light and strong, of which bonds the common pride of race, affection and mutual respect shall be the foundation. —St. John, N. B., "Telegraph."

Fur for Overcoat Collar.

The furrier was taking his stock out of the mothproof cold storage room. It came forth frozen stiff, and coated with glistening white frost. But there was one beautiful skin that, though just as stiff as any of the others, had no frost on it. "It is early to talk about furs," said the dealer. "But I want you to look at this skin. Isn't it a beauty? It is the skin that the richest Russians, Grand Dukes, and so on, have their overcoat collars made of. "It is a sea otter's skin, and it is so expensive that often one coat collar of it will cost \$300. It is un-

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questionably the best skin in the world to make coat collars of.

"Why? Look at this one, and you'll see. All my other skins are covered with frost, while on this fine fur no frost whatever appears. And that's the reason why sea otter skins make the best coat collars. The breath, for some unknown reason, doesn't freeze on them." —St. Louis "Globe-Democrat."

Herbert E. Simpson, photographer, formerly of 143 College street, will be found at his new Studio, 108 Yonge street.

Getting His Trousseau Ready.

The kindly squire of the neighborhood was just leaving from a friendly social visit to Mrs. Maguire.

"And your son, Mrs. Maguire?" said the squire, as he reached for his hat. "I hope he is well. Busy, I suppose, getting ready for his wedding tonight?"

"Well, not very busy this minute, squire," answered the beaming mother. "He's upstairs in bed while I'm washing out his trousseau." —Ladies Home Journal.

Likewise the Change.

A small girl recently entered a grocer's shop in the suburbs of Whitechapel and said to the shopman in a shrill, piping voice. "Please, sir, I want 'arf a pound of butter and a penn'orth of cheese, and mudder sea she will send a shilling in when farver comes home."

"All right," replied the man. "But," continued the child, "mudder wants the change, 'cos she 'as got to put a penny in the gas meter." —Weekly "Telegraph."

No Hurry.

The minister was shocked when the young lady declined an introduction to some of his parishioners. "Why, my dear young lady, did you ever think that perhaps you will have to mingle with these good people when you get to heaven?"

"Well," she exclaimed, "that will be soon enough." —"Life."

That Noble Animal.

Hon. J. S. Hendrie will carry on the racing stable, thus testifying to his enlightened interest in an animal which Hon. Nelson Monteith condemns to the plow.—Toronto "Star."

Force of Habit.

"Hello! butcher, what is that you are carrying home?"

"Ten and a half pounds of school books for my daughter."—Translated from "Fliegende Blätter."

Better Than Wine.

"Yes, he has one of the finest stock-cellars in the country."

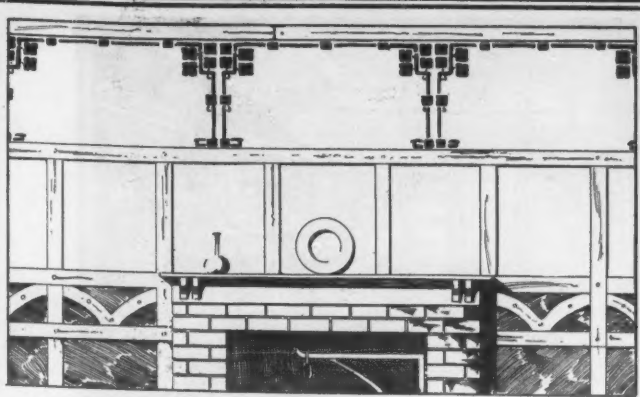
"Wine?"

"Coal."—Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

You entertain a great deal more than you did formerly, I notice."

"Yes, indeed. This is the first really hospitable cook we ever had."

"Life."



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History of "Lloyds"

LLOYDS is a name known in every corner of the globe. But there are probably few outside the shipping trade, who if asked, "What is Lloyds?" could give an intelligent answer to the question.

Lloyds was originally a coffee house in Tower street, London, kept by a very enterprising and wideawake man, whose establishment was much frequented by merchants engaged in the shipping and underwriting trade. Marine insurance had been introduced into England by the Hanse merchants and by the Lombards who enjoyed for a considerable time a practical monopoly thereof. Queen Elizabeth put an end to this, however, at the time of her war with Spain. She ordered all foreign traders to quit her dominions, and not long afterwards caused Sir Thomas Gresham to devise an act, sanctioned by Parliament, establishing marine insurance on a legal basis, this being the first mention thereof in the statute book of England. The merchants and brokers engaged in this branch of commerce used to meet in the various coffee houses of the city, and by the end of the seventeenth century Edward Lloyd's establishment had become their favorite trysting place. In 1688 his name appears in the London "Gazette" in connection with an advertisement offering a reward for anyone giving information to "Mr. Edward Lloyd, at his coffee house in Tower street," as to the whereabouts of a man who was wanted on a theft charge. By 1692 his business had prospered to such an extent that he moved to the corner of Lombard street and Abchurch lane, while in 1696 he went so far as to produce a news sheet called "Lloyd's News," containing all sorts of information particularly relating to shipping, calculated to be of interest to the people who gathered each day at noon at his coffee house. Unfortunately, the seventy-seventh number of this paper (which he issued three times a week) contained a paragraph condemning certain proceedings in the House of Lords relating to shipping, and the result was that he was arrested, summoned to the bar of the house, fined and compelled to abandon the publication for a time. In 1721, however, it was resumed under the title of "Lloyd's List," and has appeared uninterruptedly from that time until the present day, being, with the exception of the official London "Gazette," the oldest English newspaper in existence.

Story of the English Derby

THE great English Derby contests have served the novelist and playwright full of as pegs upon which to hang their stories. The race itself originated in romance. A daughter of the eleventh Earl of Derby loved a wild, harum-scarum lad, natural son of Lord Bingley, and in spite of parental frowns, eloped with him. The young couple set up house in a little place called "The Oaks," in the parish of Woodmansterne, near Banstead Downs. The house, a pretty old place, had fallen from private possession into the hands of a varlet, who had used it as an inn. But the lovers converted it to its former use, and seem to have made it a covetable dwelling, for when the bride, consequent upon financial difficulties, was driven to seek the forgiveness of her father, the latter took over "The Oaks." It descended to his grandson, who gave its name to the race which has since become famous, won that race, and, to celebrate it, founded and gave his title to that which half the world goes to Epsom to see.

There is always a Derby suicide, they say. Hermit's victory meant the breaking of men—perhaps of hearts, too. The victory brought the owner of the winning horse a fortune in six figures, but the spoils were dear only as having been won from the man who had stolen his bride-elect. There were some shatterings over Gladstone's win. Three men dropped \$500,000 between them; another took and won \$100,000 to a bottle of champagne. King Edward, who as the Prince of Wales was destined twice to win the Derby, first saw the race on canvas—in Mr. Frith's famous painting. The artist, making his sketch upon the spot, was witness of one of the inevitable tragedies. The race had been run, and he turned aside to peer into a booth where refreshments were being taken. A man with his fingers smothered with rings was eating a pie. He suddenly turned from his meal, and with a knife sawed horribly at his throat. He had backed a loser. "The fool's lost his money" was the only comment of one with the suicide.

To the prospective visitor to Toronto, in search of a desirable place of residence, permanent or temporary, let us recommend "Ga-ka-dina," the new pension at 142 Bloor street west. It is beautifully and effectively furnished; a suite of three rooms on ground floor, done up in forest green, with mission furniture, looked very inviting. The large grounds, good table, and service combine to render "Ga-ka-dina" one of the most attractive and comfortable places in the city. It is easily reached by Avenue road car from depot.

The Last Survivor.

'Twas the last word of English
Left blooming alone,
All its lovely companions
Were faded and gone.

For the President's ukase
Had blighted the fruit,
And had withered the branches—
Destroyed every root.

Words from Saxon and Norman
Were killed by the crime,
Leaving this sole survivor
Last darling of time.

Though the flowers of Shakespeare
Had vanished from view,
All alone in its glory
Still flourished "skiddoo!"
—McLandsburg Wilson.

Since William Randolph Hearst became a statesman he affects a statesman's dress. He always appears in public in a broad-brimmed, black felt hat, a long and baggy frock coat, and wears a white or black string tie. He looks rather odd on Broadway, but it is great out West.—"Saturday Evening Post."

bers of the society; second, the protection of the interests of members of the society in respect to shipping, cargoes and freight; and third, the collection, publication and diffusion of intelligence and information with respect to shipping.

Memories.

I remember, I remember
My magenta wool delaine,
My salmon togioni, too
(Twas lined with satin jean),
My lovely light blue empress cloth,
Picked out with bands of dove,
I wore the night Joe came to call,
And told me of his love.
—Carolyn Wells, in "Good House-keeping."

Oh, Carolyn, fair Carolyn,
You do surprise me so!
Now, something of this love affair
I'd greatly like to know.
If Joe made love to you one night,
Down 'mid the sands and shells,
Just please to tell me, Carolyn,
Why is your name now Wells?
—Edwin A. Oliver, in Yonkers "Statesman."

Oh, Oliver, dear Oliver,
Why should you worry so?
Let Carolyn a sister be
To Jim and John and Joe.
And, Oliver, you shouldn't chaff
About an unchanged name;
For, oh, the fault may all be yours—
And that would be a shame.
—Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

A MARTYR TO HEALTH.

"THERE goes Armstrong. What a picture of perfect manhood he is!"
"Yes, poor chap. But at what a cost!"
"Why, he looks as healthy as a mule, and as robust as a team of 'em."
"So he is, so he is. Never has been sick in his life; doesn't even know what it is to have a cold. But, poor fellow, just think with what endless suffering he pays for it."
"Why, how's that?"
"He's a martyr to his health."
"I should think that would be a cheerful martyrdom."
"Think so? Perhaps if you had to endure for a single day what he goes through with every day of his life, you'd take the aches and anguish of a chronic invalid for your choice."
"Pooh! nonsense!"

"Well, listen. He jumps out of his warm bed at six every morning, no matter how far below zero the mercury has shrunk, into a room every window of which has been wide open all night long. Then he spends half an hour working ten times as hard as a hod-carrier exercising every muscle in his body. Next he plunges into an ice-cold bath, and then he rubs himself vigorously with a towel, beside which broken stone is soft and bland, until he's about flayed alive. He prances down to breakfast feeling as though an elephant would be just a snack, but all he takes is a small saucer of cereal, and gets up from the table twice as ravenous as he sat down. He walks from ten to twenty miles every day. He never sits up later than ten o'clock. He never touches coffee, tobacco, or any kind of budge. He's always on the verge of starvation, because it's unhealthy to fully satisfy your hunger at any meal. He has to laugh at every fool's idiotic jokes, because a cheerful disposition is according to the rules. He's always in danger that some new fad will add to his labors. He doesn't know the luxury of being cuddled and comforted and petted because he's not feeling well. And—and—well, that's only a part of the price he pays. There are plenty of other stunts that I've forgotten just at this minute."

"Whew! I'd no idea that doctors' bills were so cheap. Let's go and do everything he doesn't!"—"Smart Set."

Not R. Kipling's Mulvaney.

Patrick Mulvaney was on the witness stand last Thursday during the trial of Captain Hammer and Hubbard before Judge Cabanniss. Mulvaney objected to going on the record as Patrick. He preferred "Pat," as his friends at Fort Bragg did not know him by any other name. Mulvaney, besides being a good witness for the defense, was airy and humorous. As he was leaving the stand, Judge Cabanniss asked him:
"Have you ever been in India, Mr. Mulvaney?"
"No, sir."
"Then you don't know your great compatriot, Mulvaney?"
"No, sir."
"Have you ever heard of Rudyard Kipling, Pat?"

"No, sir, I have not. But yer 'anner, he don't live in Fort Bragg. I am sure av that," and Mulvaney left the dais with a puzzled look, amid roars of laughter from the assembled crowd.—San Francisco "Chronicle."

Afraid It Would Slip.

Senator Tillman piloted a constituent around the Capitol Building at Washington for awhile, and then, having work to do on the floor, conducted him to the Senate gallery.
After an hour or so the visitor approached the gallery doorkeeper and said: "My name is Swate. I am a friend of Senator Tillman. He brought me here, and I want to go out and look around a bit. I thought I would tell you so I can get back in."

"That's all right," said the doorkeeper, "but I may not be here when your return. In order to prevent any mistake, I will give you the password, so you can get your seat again."

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited.

Fall Fashions

IN

Men's Clothing

THE average man gives much too little time to the details of his clothing. That is, at the right time. It is a universal fault with men to wait each season until just at the last minute before deciding on their clothes, then rush to their tailor's and have everything done in a hurry, and, perhaps, be dissatisfied the rest of the season.

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Come in and see our range of cloths, even if you don't order.

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Swate's eyes rather popped out at this. "What's the word?" he asked.
"Idiosyncrasy."
"What?"
"Idiosyncrasy."
"I guess I'll stay in," said Swate.
—"American Spectator."

Rude Haste.

They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a catboat and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle a boat, putting her to tend the sheet. A puff of wind

came, and he shouted in no uncertain tone, "Let go that sheet!" No response. Then again, "Let go that sheet, quick!" Still no movement. A few minutes after, when both were clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat, he said:
"Why didn't you let go that sheet when I told you to, dear?"
"I would have," said the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it. You ought to speak more kindly to your wife."—New York "Evening Post."

Julian Sale

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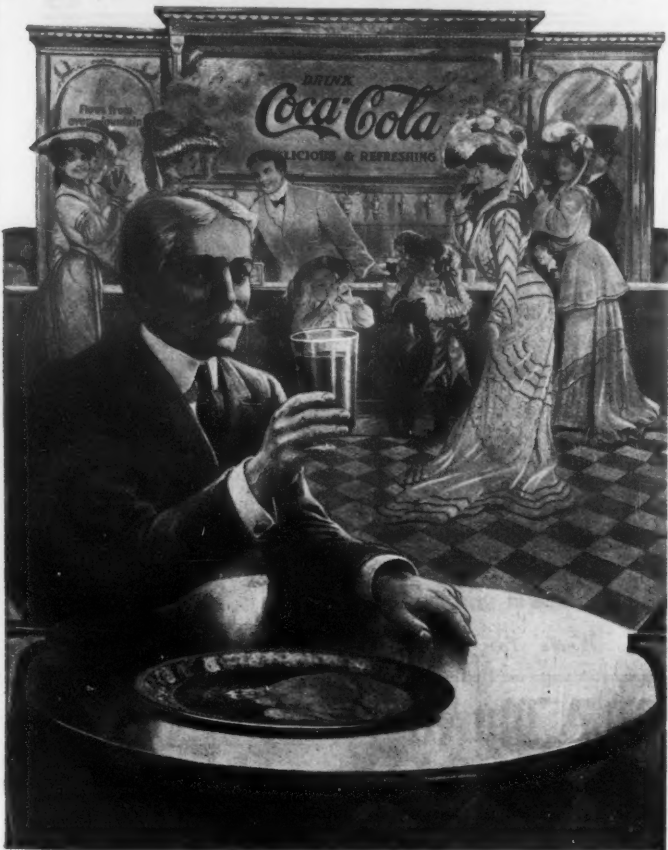
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A Prehistoric Snake in Simcoe Co.

Mr. Benjamin Wheeler, who lives on the Muskoka road, near Ardtrea, while working in a field on his farm some days ago, came upon the petrified remains of a snake or worm. Unfortunately the remains of this prehistoric reptile were broken while being removed from the earth, but about three feet of it were taken out intact. It must have measured about eighteen feet in length while alive, and apparently was without ribs, like some monster fishworm. "Eh, mon," says your Highland friend, W. O. Black, "what a privilege to live in them days, and have such a bonny bait to offer the fishes." The remains of his snakeship now repose in state at the law office of J. Hugh Hammond who will be pleased to show them to any one interested, after which he intends to give it to the Collegiate Institute, where a museum is being established.—Orillia "News-Letter."

Summer Voices.

They say it in so many ways,
The message of the summer's days,
In scents and sounds and notes quite still
From straight white stones on slope of hill.

Sweet clover fields of purpose born,
Red useless poppies mid the corn,
The shining, changing, changeless sea—
All bring that message clear to me.

All tell of peace not understood.
It "passeth" that—'twas writ it should.
We hear, we see, as we learn by heart,
And whys and wherefores slip apart.

We do not understand; we live
These voices, round, below, above,
"Peace to the near, peace to the far,"
The glow worm tells it, and the star!
—Westminster "Gazette."

The Other Way About.

"Ah," sighs the suitor, determined to show that he appreciates the fair damsel as she should be appreciated, "you are one girl in a thousand."

However, this does not seem to make any impression, and at the same time, being a thinker, puts it a little differently.

"What I mean to say," he observes tenderly, "is that with your beauty and your grace and your gentleness and all your charms of voice and mind, you are virtually a thousand girls in one."

Ten minutes later she is asking him with blushes what in the world he sees about her to admire so much.—Los Angeles "Times."

Daring Damocles.

The feast was fast degenerating into an orgy. Damocles arrived, bowed politely to the king, took the seat indicated to him, and at the same time placed at his feet a parcel wrapped in newspapers which he had carried under his arm. The feast

continued. Every possible delicacy was served to Damocles, from flies' brains to ants' livers, not to speak of many wonderful beverages. Then dancing girls came in. Damocles was eyeing them closely when Denys, the tyrant, tapped him on the shoulder and pointed to the roof. Over Damocles' head hung a sharp sword, attached by a slender thread. Damocles looked at the sword, shrugged his shoulders, and picked up the parcel at his feet. Carefully removing the newspaper, he drew out a fireman's helmet in phosphor-bronze, with steel chain mail to protect the neck. He put it on his head and quietly asked for more roast camel. The tyrant was much annoyed.

A Warning.

As I walked along the street
One day, I chanced to meet
A little maid so timid and so shy
That she blushed to meet my look,
As my gaze she might not brook,
So dropped the curtain white of her blue eye.

And my heart it gave a bound, and I
Sudden grew afraid
Of this neat little,
Sweet little
Maid.

Of demure maids beware,
For so subtle is their snare
So cunning is the magic of their wiles,
That they catch a poor man's heart
Ere he dreams they play a part
Or can see the mocking triumph in their smiles.

This is the lesson hard that I learned
To my deep hurt
From this mad little,
Bad little
Flirt!
—Baltimore "American."

Puzzled.

"I wonder," said the girl who is to be married in June, "whether one should send invitations to her disappointed suitors."

"They might think you were doing it to affront them," advised the true friend.

"But, then, if I don't invite them, they might think the act of ignoring them is an intentional slight—and they are all awfully nice fellows—and then—you see—well, one never knows—"

Of course, she says she never would marry the second time, but then—

You see, the fair sex has to thrash out problems that mere men little wot of.—Chicago "Post."

Now that the summer is almost over, lovers of football, both Rugby and Association, are looking forward to once more chasing the elusive pigskin. Messrs. Harry H. Love & Co. (sporting goods' dealer), report that they are preparing for a larger demand than ever, and their stock is already on hand, including padded jackets and knickers, stockings, sweaters, boots, pads, Rugby and Association balls, etc., etc., and orders are already being placed in order to avoid delay when the season opens.

Society at the Capital

NATURE was certainly most kind to Miss Florence Goodwin, youngest daughter of Mr. George Goodwin of Laurier avenue, on Tuesday afternoon, in providing her with one of the most charming days we have had this season for her marriage to Mr. Lewis Stone, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Stone of Toronto, which, though of a quiet nature, was an exceedingly bright and happy event. Only the near friends and relatives of both families were present, and the ceremony took place in the Archbishop's Palace. The bride's gown was a perfectly lovely one of Irish lace, the skirt over silk and chiffon, and the bodice made of the same beautiful lace and delicately embroidered chiffon, with elbow sleeves terminating in soft ruffles. A coronet of orange blossoms and gracefully draped tulle veil suited the bride's fair beauty admirably. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses, and wore a magnificent ring of diamonds and rubies, presented to her by the groom as a memento of the happy day. Her only bridesmaid was her sister, Miss Irene Goodwin, who was most becomingly gowned in pale rose silk, the skirt of which had a deep flounce of handsome Venetian lace, which was also used to trim the bodice. A large hat of pink panne velvet was extremely becoming, and was artistically trimmed with a bunch of peacock feathers, caught with a pearl buckle. The groom's gift to her was a jewelled comb, which glistened in her coiffure. The best man was Mr. "Paddy" Baskerville, and to him the groom gave a handsome jewelled cigar-case. In the spacious dining-room in Mr. Goodwin's luxurious residence a dainty dejeuner was enjoyed by the guests, the table being effectively arranged with pink roses and ferns in cut-glass vases. During the afternoon Miss Eva Gauthier sang most charmingly "O, Perfect Love" to her sister's, Miss Juliette Gauthier, violin accompaniment. After the health of the young couple had been proposed and drunk and congratulations had been showered upon them, they left on the evening train for Montreal, and will go from there to visit Atlantic City, Washington and other points in the South. Mrs. Stone travelled in a costume of champagne-colored cloth, made with smart little Eton coat opening over a cream chiffon blouse. A jaunty little empire hat, with pale blue trimmings and plumes, and a feather boa, with touches of pale blue harmonized most effectively with this pretty costume. Mr. and Mrs. Stone will be absent for about a month, and on their return will live in the Capital, having taken a suite of apartments in the Grand Union Hotel for the present.

Lieut. James Gemmill, eldest son of Mrs. J. A. Gemmill, of "Cliffside," who distinguished himself at the recent examinations at the Royal Military College, having won a commission on the Royal Engineers, left town on Thursday to join his regiment in Chatham, England. Mrs. and Miss Louie Gemmill, who have just returned from summering at Kennebunk Beach, accompanied him as far as Montreal, whence he sailed on Saturday by the Allan Liner "Virginian." He had as travelling companion Lieutenant Ernest Budden, another successful cadet of the R.M.C., who also goes to join his regiment, the Royal Garrison Artillery in the Mother Land. Before leaving Montreal several of the college comrades of these lucky young cadets gave them a farewell dinner at the Windsor, and wished them every success in their new sphere.

Riverside, California, will be the temporary home this winter of several Ottawans who are fortunate enough to be able to enjoy the beautiful Californian climate in place of the frigid temperature of a winter at the Capital. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Powell and Mr. Guy French, who are now visiting relatives in Deseronto and Belleville, will spend the winter in Riverside, where Mr. Powell, who has been on the invalid list recently, hopes to regain his usual health. Mr. Harry Pattee, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Pattee, who has for several years made his home in California, has been in town for some weeks, and on his return will be accompanied by his mother, and also his niece, Miss Gladys Carling, and, later in the season, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carling will join them. Mrs. Carling, who has been on the sick list on and off during the summer, will remain in Riverside throughout the winter months.

Mr. Harry Pattee's marriage to Miss Lila Lett, daughter of Mr. W. P. Lett of Riverside, California, will take place there on October 17, and in view of this event, the prospective bridegroom has purchased a very handsome residence, built of white marble and situated in the midst of the most beautiful orange groves.

Invitations have been received by many Ottawans for the marriage of Miss Helena Augusta Calvert, second daughter of Mr. W. S. Calvert, M.P., of Strathroy, to Mr. James Blake Hunter, formerly of Woodstock, Ont., private secretary to Hon. Charles Hyman, Minister of Public Works. The ceremony will be performed in St. Andrew's Church, Strathroy, on Wednesday, September 26.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, September 17, 1906.



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English Universities.

Most people on this side of the Atlantic, if asked to name the universities of England, would promptly respond with Oxford and Cambridge, more hesitatingly add London and perhaps Durham, and there the roll-call would cease, says the "Outlook." Yet not half would have been told. Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield and Leeds, all established within the last six years, must now be included to make the tale complete. It is significant that all of these new-fledged universities are found in the North and the Midlands, within a radius of fifty miles. This location is the necessary outcome of the shifting of the center of power and energy in England from the agricultural south to the industrial north. The practical note is dominant in all these

twentieth century foundations. The ideal of Birmingham is not the ideal of Oxford. They are practically technical schools for the brain-working professions.

Fishing in Temagami.

This is the best season of the year in this desirable region. Advices have been received of many good catches. Tourist tickets are on sale from Toronto via Grand Trunk Railway, at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Revenge.

The reporter had been sent to get an interview out of the noted burglar who had been caught in the act, and was behind the bars of the police station.

"The boys say you put up a

pretty stiff fight, Bill," said the reporter. "I'd like to have your version of the affair. It ought to make a good story."

"I'll make a good story, all right," suddenly answered Bill, "but I'll see you in Pittsburgh before I'll give it to your paper. It was in your society columns that I saw the item that the Thompsons had shut up their house and gone away for the summer—and they hadn't."—Chicago "Tribune."

Needless Alarm.

"Wait a minute till I get my clothes off!" came a shrill voice from the back-end of the cable-car.

All the strap-holders turned their heads as one man.

It was a small boy striving to drag off the hamper containing his mother's washing.—"Judge."